

7
P R O V I D E N C E.

A N

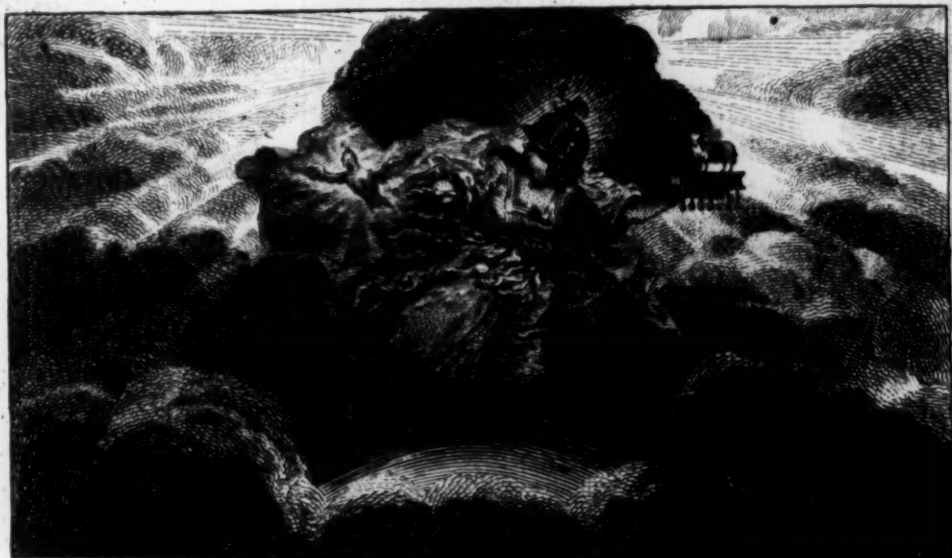
A L L E G O R I C A L P O E M. .

I n T H R E E B O O K S.

By J O H N O G I L V I E, A. M.

— Juvatque petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ,

K
LUCRET.



L O N D O N :

Printed for G. BURNET, at Bishop Burnet's Head, in the Strand.

MDCCLXIV.

THE END OF

THE POET

IN THREE BOOKS

AM



Udote pūis nūllū velantī tempore Mūse.
Lūcret.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES STUART MACKENZIE,

LORD PRIVY SEAL FOR SCOTLAND,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST HUMBLE

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

J. OGILVIE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES STUART MACKENZIE

LORD TRAY SEAL FOR SCOTLAND

P O E M

INTRODUCTION.

AS the author of the following attempt doth not remember to have seen any work regularly executed upon such a plan as he hath laid down; the reader will indulge him in the liberty of making a few introductory observations, which may tend to alleviate, if not to remove those prejudices, which almost every species of novelty is apt at first view to excite.

The subject of the present Essay falls so naturally under the cognizance of every reflecting mind, that we have no reason to be surpris'd, when we find it treated in the most copious manner by many writers both ancient and modern. It is however certain in general, that philosophical dissertations, in whatever degree intrinsically valuable, lose their effect on the bulk of mankind, when they are not enlivened with those graces which contribute to amuse the imagination. It is on this account that we find a moral work, in which the most important truths are accurately investigated, overlooked as uninteresting; when a series of incidents, which are calculated to impress upon the mind some beneficial rule of conduct, is perused with satisfaction, and seldom fails to establish a favourable prepossession. So much stronger is the impulse which leads us
to

to search for *Pleasure*, than that which prompts us to desire *Instruction*.

That the ancients were fully sensible of the advantages resulting from this species of composition, will be obvious to any person who hath perused the writings of Prodicus and Cebes, or who is acquainted with those beautiful allegories which are intermingled with the philosophy of Plato. These will render conspicuous to every impartial reader, the care which was taken to blend *the agreeable* with *the useful*, in canvassing such subjects as have Instruction for their *principal* end. The unnatural separation of philosophy and eloquence did not happen till after the death of Socrates, when the disciples of that great man became the leaders of particular sects, each of them retaining a shred, but none preserving the compleat body of the principles of their master. “*Proseminatæ sunt quasi familiæ dissentientes inter se, & multum disjunctæ, & dispares; cum tamen omnes se philosophi Socraticos & dici vellent, & esse arbitrentur.*”

From these observations on the nature of the human mind, the author of the following work was induced to form a plan for canvassing a subject, perhaps of all others the most interesting; in which, philosophical sentiment might not be wholly separated from entertainment. He is sensible that the difficulty of uniting ends so apparently remote, is augmented in proportion to the abstraction and subtlety

subtlety of those ideas which are to be distinctly exhibited to the mind. It is a much easier matter to contrive a series of incidents, by whose combination one important moral precept is enforced, than to invent allegories, which tend to illustrate a chain of truths obscured by ignorance, and clogged with objections. This difficulty however will induce a candid and sensible critic to overlook a defect in an attempt of this nature, which in another work might be deemed considerable; and to regard the whole, if not as a work of the kind compleatly executed, yet at least as an attempt to introduce a species of composition, which may be found susceptible of the happiest improvements. These inducements may perhaps prevail on the reader to attend to a more particular explanation of the author's *design*.

The subject of this work, comprehensive as it is, may not improperly be comprised under the three following heads. When we contemplate the Supreme Being, as the Creator and Governor of the universe, we either consider him as having disposed the *Works of Nature* in their present situation, and as regulating their various revolutions; or we behold him conferring the most extensive benefit on mankind, by favouring them with a *Revelation* of his will; or we see him conducting the complicated detail of *Human Life*, to effectuate some great and necessary purpose. In each of these views, however, as some objects will occur, which ought at once to excite our admiration and our gratitude; so others will present themselves, which suggest

doubts that require to be ascertained by a connected process of just observation. Thus the Works of Nature, while they display the Omnipotence of the Deity, exhibit such indications of *seeming evil*, as lead us to challenge, upon a superficial review, His Wisdom and His Justice. We plainly perceive indeed, that the productions of the earth are suited to the necessities of the inhabitants, for whose benefit it appears to have been created. We see it glowing in many places with the most attractive beauty, and crowned almost every where with verdure and variety. We observe the rotation of seasons regularly carried on in uniform and invariable harmony. But when these marks of design induce us to form a favourable conclusion, with regard to the superintendency of Providence;—Whirlwinds, storms, volcanos, earthquakes;—Whatever, in short, of this kind we have been accustomed to consider as productive of evil, reclaims loudly against this decision, and leads us to call in question, if not to deny truths, which appeared to stand upon the best foundation.

When in the same manner we proceed from contemplating the Works of Nature, to consider the conduct of the Deity, in exhibiting to the world a Revelation of His will; inestimable as the benefit may appear to be, the objections raised against it are plausible enough to represent as suspicious, circumstances which were originally regarded as beneficial. The principal difficulties which occur in this examination, arise from the *time* at which the
doc-

doctrines of Revealed Religion were promulgated to mankind, and from its want of universality in all ages. These at least are the points which are most particularly connected with the present subject.

After all, however, the most formidable objections to the belief of a Providence, are drawn from an estimate of its conduct with regard to Human Life. The unequal distribution of Reward and Punishment which takes place in this world ; the depression of virtue and the triumph of successful villany ; are such objects as recurring frequently to every reflecting mind, give occasion to complaints so apparently well founded, as it is no easy matter to obviate effectually. We are the more tenacious of our **opinions** on this subject, as the experience of almost every individual suggests particular instances of this unequal distribution, in which either himself or his neighbour is immediately and deeply interested. The general observation that this inequality will be fully compensated in some *future* state of existence, whatever effect it may produce upon a sensible and considerate mind, yet surely can never produce perfect resignation in a man who considers *present* happiness, or *present* affliction as the greatest good, or the most insupportable evil. We may tell such persons that their sentiments are unjust, and that their complaint is irrational ; but unless they are made to see that some *immediate benefit* may result from their calamity ; unless from proofs supported by the testimony of experience with regard to
b others,

others, the mind is convinced of the superintendency of Providence ; unless in some of these cases we are apt to take up the complaint of the poet ;

——Cum res hominum tanta caligine volvi
Adspicerem ; lætosque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios :---Rurfus labefacta cadebat
Religio ——

CLAUD.

——But when the mind survey'd
The *human scene* involv'd in deep'ning shade ;
Saw wrapt in ease, with long enjoyment blest,
The bad rejoicing, and the good depress'd ;
Then died Religion.

The circumstance likewise which discovered his mistake, has in this view of the subject the force of a convincing argument :

Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum,
Absolvitque Deos. *Id. ibid.*

Thy doom Rufinus clear'd the gloomy scene,
And shew'd the Gods were just.

From the supposition that these three topics comprehend the subject, the author was induced to treat them separately, and has therefore assigned a distinct book to each of them.---In the first, the objections to the belief of a Providence arising from the natural evil which takes place in
the

the world, are stated and obviated, at least in some measure, from the *necessity* there is for its existence in the present state of things; and from the beneficial consequences of which it is obviously productive. The unreasonableness of wishing that this world was a Paradise, or that man had been created with higher powers than he possesseth, is particularly displayed; and the analogical argument from the *scale of Being*, as far as we can observe it, to the probable gradation which subsists in *superior ranks*, is illustrated with some care, and carried to as great length as the author's sphere of investigation could enable him to proceed.

The subject of the second book is such, as the reader will perhaps think at first view not susceptible of the beauties of description. As it forms, however, a great and interesting part of the work, it was necessary to consider it as particularly as possible; and this the author hath attempted to do in such a manner, as that the reader may receive some entertainment amid the process of regular argumentation. As the nature of the theme made it impossible to continue the series of allegories in this book, which had been begun in the preceding one, it was necessary to have recourse to history for facts, instead of fictitious circumstances; and these which are culled out were cast into their present order, that their combination may impress upon the mind the principal truth which it was proposed to illustrate. If the reader requires a more particular detail, he may consult the note at the beginning of the

b 2

book.

book. It is proper only to observe further in this place, that as the first scene was so barren of incidents, the author has ventured to introduce in it the only *allegorical personage*, who is permitted to act a considerable part. The personification of the Genius of the Nile in the succeeding scene, and that of Reason in the end of the book, are intended, as the reader of taste will immediately observe, to enliven the description where it was judged expedient, and to render that part of the work in some measure entertaining, where the separate arguments are summed up, and where the conclusion resulting from them is impartially stated.

The conduct of Providence with regard to Human Life, upon which it was intended to throw some light in the last part of the Poem, affords such numerous and diversified subjects of speculation, that whatever reason the reader, who is dissatisfied with the arguments, may have to impeach, on that account, the judgment of the writer; yet the defect of entertainment may be *justly* ascribed to sterility of imagination. In canvassing a perplexed and intricate subject, we are not to expect proofs which carry along with them immediate and irresistible conviction. This in every case is extremely difficult, and in the present instances wholly impossible. The compleat vindication of *the ways of God to man*, we must leave to *that day*, in which the secrets of the heart will be laid open, and the Deity's moral government of the world, as it regards the
cir-

circumstances of individuals, will be justified in the presence of its assembled inhabitants. It is sufficient with our limited and scanty portion of knowledge, if from considering things as they are at present, we can account for some of the dispensations of Providence, in such a manner as may convince us that the *marks of design* which reflection suggests to us, point to some Being of superior wisdom who is employed to regulate the revolution of events. When this truth is once thoroughly established, the doctrine of future retribution follows as a consequence.---Thus much the author thought it necessary to observe, with regard to the sentiment in this branch of the subject. The allegorical part is suited to illustrate it, in that manner which he judged to be most apposite and agreeable.

Upon the whole, he will confess that one reason for which he undertook the following work was, that he might show his readers, by attempting to unite *philosophical sentiment* with *the graces of description*, that even this species of poetry may be rendered subservient to higher purposes than is generally supposed; as it may co-operate to promote the great end which it is proposed to accomplish in the researches of science. That the reader will meet with many blemishes in the poem itself, the writer will not at present presume to question; and when they are fairly pointed out, will be ready to acknowledge. He hopes only that an estimate either of the description or argument will not be formed from a view of any particular part, but that a decision will be suspended till the whole is perused.

EXPLANATION

EXPLANATION of the P L A T E S.

THE Plate on the title page, represents the World emerging from Chaos, and Wisdom disposing the rude materials into order and regularity.

The Frontispiece to the first book describes Pestilence and Famine, as they are personified in the Poem, arrested by an Angel as they proceed through the streets of a city, which is half desolated.

The Plate which precedes the second book, shews Religion descending from the skies, in the view of a multitude, many of whom are bewildered in intricate paths; holding a torch in one hand, from which a blaze of light darts upon the beholders, and extending with the other an open book, with the word *Ecce*.

The Plate to the third book describes a landscape with a castle seen obscurely through the trees. A hill in the middle overlooking the prospect, on which Contemplation and Fancy stand with their Insignia. At a distance a precipice, to which a crowd of young men appear to be dragging an old one, who is grasping the knees of one of them, when he is half over the summit of a rock. Above is Justice, with her balance in one hand, and a naked sword in the other hanging over their head, with the word *Lente* for a motto.





A. Walker del et fecit

P R O V I D E N C E.

A

P O E M.

B O O K I.

✓

The A R G U M E N T.

THE Subject proposed, ver. 1, to 16. Invocation, to 32. Scene of the Poem, 88. Complaint of the inequality of seasons, and of the apparent deformity of the World, 122. Cave of Contemplation, and his appearance, 129 to 154. His address, to 176. Fancy described, 194 to 231. Her speech, to 241. Advantages of winds, storms, &c. illustrated by an allegory, to 393. Complaint resumed, 403 to 411. Disadvantages of sultry heat, 413 to 432. The gales of summer insufficient to purify the atmosphere, to 441. Benefit of frosts, to 455. Uses of the different seasons, in the present state of nature, and the disadvantages which would arise from perpetual summer, to 482. Theory and final causes of winds, according to Derham, Le Pluche, Aristotle, to 535. Inference from the whole, to 548. Second allegory. Hills, subterraneous caverns, Volcanos, to 612. Advantages of mountains as they beautify the earth, 635 to 666; as they contribute to health, to 686; as they produce the fountains, to 694. Digression on the origin and use of rivers, to 740. Other uses of mountains, as they shelter the low countries, to 764; as they attract and circulate the vapours of the atmosphere, to 793. Examination of Volcanos. Bowels of the earth described, 807 to 819. Origin of earthquakes, and benefit of Volcanos, to 848. Objection, to 876. Argument from analogy in favour of the present state of things, to 988. General inference from the preceding observations, to 997. The whole concludes with a panegyric upon Britain.

P R O V I D E N C E,

A

P O E M.

B O O K I.

The W O R K S of N A T U R E.

O F God's eternal ways, the parts display'd
To reason's bounded search ; whether unveil'd,
Informing Wisdom treads the roughen'd scenes
Of earth, or radiant in thy bursting noon
Religion! with superior port she walks,
And towers conspicuous ; --- or illumines the shade
Of *Human Life*, or rolls the secret wheels

5

B

Of

Of *Empire*: --- these the heav'n-aspiring muse
 Unfolds though timid, her majestic step
 Intent, yet trembling to pursue. Ev'n now,
 As o'er some mantling cliff the traveller hangs
 Aghast, and meditates the deep below
 Dizzy and tottering! thus th' astonish'd mind
 Eyes it's great theme with dread! rapt to a clime,
 Where yet the Muse's wing has never soar'd.

10

15

O THOU whose spirit thro' this moulded clay
 First breathed the living soul, and taught its voice,
 Young, faint, and unassured, to lisp thy praise
 With trembling accents, and th' impassion'd heart
 To feel the power of harmony, though placed
 In this bleak scene; far from the happier seats
 Where antient genius bloom'd! *To Thee* I call;
 Who thro' the vast of nature, space, and time,
 Dart'st thy keen glance all-piercing; that pervades
 The heart of man. O lend thy powerful aid,
 Propitious! *Thee* the Muse invokes, (of all
 Besides regardless;) her faint voice to raise;

20

25

To

To brace her fluttering pinnions to a flight
Daring, that scales the steep of time ; to swell
Her thought, capacious of it's mighty plan, 30
That tries to meditate thy wondrous ways.

Now o'er the western skies, descending Eve
Spread her grey robe ; the solitary hour,
To silence sacred, and deep musing thought,
Came sweetly serious on the sighing gale, 35
And stole the ear of Wisdom. All was still,
Save where flow-trilling from the quivering bough
The thrush wild-warbling, to the echoing vale
Pour'd her soft lay, melodious as the voice
Of Harmony, when from his airy cell 40
Arrouz'd, loose Zephyr waves his sportive wings ;
And breathes it to the soul. The melting strains
Thus soothed my throbbing bosom to a calm.

LED by revolving thought, my wandering steps
Explored the vale of solitude. A rill 45
Slow-tinkling, murmur'd as I pass'd along,

It's bank gay-robed with Beauty's balmy train.

O'er me the steepy cliffs impending, frown'd

Horrific ; from their sides, the mouldering earth

Crumbled, and gradual shook the hanging arch,

50

Whose dark spire quiver'd o'er the void below.

Between their gleaming sides, refulgent flamed

The sun's broad orb. As on I walk'd, the scene

Opened, and from the plain one winding path

(Ragged with stones loud rattling down the height ;)

55

Led to the summit of the cliff. I scaled

Th' ascent, and wondering, from its brow beheld

A boundless prospect, shagg'd with rising hills,

Rocks, defarts, woods, dales, landscapes, groves, and spires.

Far on the left, a bare and barren heath,

60

(Save where the wild trees form'd a little grove,

Crown'd with spontaneous herbage,) rushing chill'd

My veins. 'Twas all a solemn scene, retired

Like that where ancient Druids lived remote,

Conversing with the Moon ! and airy shapes

65

(So Fame reports) beneath the wan dim ray,

Sweep shadowy o'er the blighted lawn, or soar

High

High on the streamy flame, or ride the winds ;
Or hear the murmuring wood, when darkness wraps
Her cloudy curtain round the world, and Fear 70
Knocks at the heart of Man.---Such is the haunt
Of Fairy-trains, when silver tips the hills ;
That in the deep grove's shadowy gloom disport ;
Or hear the wild winds whistle, or reposed,
Lye on the daisy's downy lap, or spring 75
Light as the glancing beam from flower to flower ;
And suck the powdering of a cowslip's eye,
And loosely-swimming drink the pearly dew.

SLOW o'er the bleak heath roam'd my wandering steps ;
The mind deep-musing, and the still retreat 80
All-lonesome ; when the keen autumnal breeze
Chill from the nipping East, and piercing blew ;
The spangling dew-drops from its clammy wing
Shook loose, and sprinkling o'er the purple scene
Their liquid amber, mingled as they fell 85
A thousand trembling hues.---I mark'd the waste
Pensive, and inly-murmuring, thus began.

“ WHERE

“ WHERE are the gales of Eden? Where the balm
 “ Delicious, breathed from aromatic bowers
 “ Where Summer smiled perpetual, and the groves 90
 “ Sighed

Line 88. *Where are the Gales of Eden.*] This complaint of the inequality of the seasons (which introduceth as the reader will observe afterwards the first Allegory) has alternately been employed by different writers, as a proof that man has degenerated from his primæval state, and as an argument to prove the superintendency of providence. Considered in the former light it gave the poets an occasion to invent the fable of the gold, silver, brass and iron ages of the world, as in each of these the face of external nature was adapted to the character of mankind, and punishments were only inflicted upon them by the Deity, in proportion to their degrees of degeneracy.

Τὸς μὲν ἐπεῖσα

Zeus Κρονίδης ἐκρυψε κολυμμενος, οὐνεκα τιμας
 Οὐκ ἐδίδ' μακαρεῖσσι θεοῖς οἱ Ὀλύμπῳ ἐχρυσιν.

Says Hesiod, speaking of the second race of mortals. Oper. et Dier. L. 136. Ovid tells us in the same spirit.

Subiit argentea proles

Auro deterior.-----

Jupiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris,
 Perque Hyemes, Æstusque & inæquales Autumnos,
 Et breve Ver, spatiis exegit quatuor annum.

Metam. Lib. 1.

Considered in the second point of view, their uniform and invariable rotation constitutes an argument for the superintendency of Wisdom. This sentiment is elegantly expressed by Claudian.

Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
 Curarent Superi terras, an nullus ineffet
 Rector----

Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,
 Præscriptosque maris fines; *Annique meatus, &c.*

Tunc omnia rebar

Consilio firmata Dei. In Rufin. Lib.

It ought however to be observed, that the universal testimony of all ages to the original degeneracy of man, as well as of the world, from its first state of perfection, gives a sanction to the Mosaic History of this transaction, and corroborates the evidence by which it is supported.

" Sighed to soft Zephirs, or the melting voice
 " Of birds low-humming thro' the vocal boughs
 " Mellifluous? Ah the smiling scene no more
 " Breaks on the ravish'd sense, or breaks to steal
 " A transient visit, sweeping from the sight 95
 " Like Angels sailing thro' the midnight gloom,
 " That melt in air! Thus blooms th' Elysian scene,
 " And dies. Young Spring from Winter's loosened grasp
 " Escaped, dejected sees the blooming year
 " Shrink from her defolating blast, that tears 100
 " His glittering pinnions. Summer darts her eye
 " Light o'er the laughing mead, and gives her spoils
 " To Autumn; scowling thro' her changeful glance,
 " Fierce Winter looks, and as she swims away,
 " Howling in horrid triumph, mounts the winds, 105
 " And drives her shrieking thro' the turbid air.

" Whence too these haunts of solitude, these wild,
 " And cheerless deserts? whence these fable cliffs,

" Shape-

Line 107. *Whence too these haunts, &c.*] Nemo unquam dixerit terram pulchriorem esse quam quævis sit, quod dehiscat in multis locis, quod disrupta caveis & spatiis

" Shapeless and rude, that shag the horrid face
 " Of earth, and mix the mountain with the skies? 110
 " Are these thy offspring, Wisdom? Did thy hand
 " Furrow the precipice abrupt, or cleave
 " The ragged rock, or pile th' enormous hills
 " To Heav'n, and clothe them with eternal snow;
 " That man might labour up the steep ascent, 115
 " Or shiver on the summit? Shoots thine eye
 " Oft to the fuel'd mass that boils beneath,
 " Or wakes thy breath its wildly-rushing stream
 " To shake the rocking frame, or overwhelm at once
 " The toil of ages? --- Reason gropes in vain 120
 " Stunn'd with the dire effect, to search the cause."

THIS said, I turn'd my wandering steps aside,
 And sought the deepest shade. There close-immured,
 Where scarce a Zephyr stirr'd the rustling boughs,
 Silent I sat, and gave my thoughts to range

125
O'er

spatiis inanibus; usque nullo ordine dispositis, nulla forma: Nec quæ aliud contineant quam tenebras & sordes; unde graves & pestiferæ exhalationes, terræ motus, &c. Theor. Tellur. v. 1. cap. 7. Let it be observed once for all in this place, that we do not intend to propose these apparent irregularities, as objections against the existence of a Supreme Mind. They are only mentioned as seeming evidences, that Providence does not constantly superintend the government of the world, because their bad consequences are not prevented by its interposition.

O'er worlds remote, as working Fancy led
The stream of meditation ; blaming now,
And now absolving Providence. Alone
I sat not long. A mountain's clefted side
(Seen thro' a vifo) showed a gloomy cave,
Hollow and deep, where scarce the quivering ray
Had sprinkled glimmering twilight. The high roof,
Curved like the arch of Heav'n, hung awful o'er
The solemn vault below, thro' whose wide bound
The long loud voice in many a lengthning moan
Roll's on the listening ear. Advancing slow
From this dark cell of solitary thought,
I mark'd a venerable Sage ; his cheek
Furrow'd by Time, and o'er his hoary head
The cold white hand of slowly-stealing Age
Had shower'd its lucid filver : sweetly mild
His looks, his mein, and raised to Heav'n his eyes
Beam'd like fair Evening's dewy star, that shines
With placid radiance : graceful was his form,
And simple his attire. His bending hand

135

140

145

Lean'd on an ivory staff, the prop of Age ;
Yet firm his step, as one whose youthful blood
Warm'd not inflamed by Reason's temperate cheer,
Had tinged the florid cheek, nor felt the blast
Of cold Consumption. With slow step he scaled 150
The cliff, and walking to the shade, on me
Bent a soft look that pitied, while it awed :
Then paused : and frowning thus severe began.

WHENCE dares thy thought, O mortal born, to judge
The Lord of Heav'n and Earth ? Presumest thou then 155
Weak as thou art, to dart the purblind beam
Of glimmering Reason o'er the boundless plan
Wrought by eternal Wisdom ? Thou whose search
Were vain to find what moves some earthly Prince,
Thy brother of the dust, to vex mankind, 160
And o'er the nations pour the waste of war
Wanton, when Ruin stares him ; nor the hand
Of proud Ambition gains one glittering plume
To brighten his pale crest ? Rash, would'st thou then

Fathom

Fathom thy God? Know of his boundless ways, 165
 To thy short glance that trembles as it views,
 A part lies open, could thy Pride explore
 That part, and pause, when Thought's loose pinnions drop,
 Loft in th' Abyfs of infinite: Heav'n here
 Checks not thy search. Yet if the *part exposed* 170
 To Reason, points consummate wisdom; fair,
 Proportion'd, beauteous; as it weighs the whole,
 Impartial, let it judge *the part conceal'd*
 Not less harmonious, though from mortal ken
 Screen'd by a dark impenetrable veil. 175

STRUCK with his voice, that like the solemn tone
 Of some deep organ, charm'd me while it awed;
 I mark'd him silent; yet intent to know
 What Sage benevolent had deign'd to stoop

C 2

From

Line 165,---167, *Of His boundless ways,---a part lies open, &c.*] In this spirit Plato introduceth his account of the Origin of the World, by saying: φυσιν ανθρωπινων εχομεν, ωςτε περι τούτων τον εικοτα Μυθον αποδεχομενης, πρεπει ΜΗΔΕΝ ΕΤΙ ΠΑΡΑ ΖΗΤΕΙΝ. Plat. Tim. A reflection which a subject of this kind naturally suggests, though this philosopher exhibits a specimen of the φυσιν ανθρωπινων by deviating on some occasions as we shall see afterwards, from this excellent principle.

From Heav'n, and clothed in mortal guise, to yield 180
 Familiar intercourse. I know thy thought,
 The Sire rejoin'd. In Me behold the Power
 Of Contemplation! From yon darksome cave,
 Where with descending Angels I converse,
 Or sit in still repose, and hear afar 185
 The murmur of the deep, or the wild note
 Of sweet aerial music, when the robe
 Of Evening wraps the broider'd mead; I come
 To raise thy drooping thoughts, to chase the gloom,
 The mist of Error from thy sight illumed; 190
 To clear the ways of providence, as far
 As Reason scans them, and unfold to man
 That *perfect Beauty* is their *glorious End*.

He spoke; and instant near the western sun,
 I spied a cloud light-floating. O'er the cliff 195
 It stretch'd immense, and from its radiant side
 Edg'd like the gilding of an evening sky,
 It pour'd the streamy blaze: the middle glow'd

With

With deep vermillion, as the flaming ray
Of scarlet, darting from the sun's bright orb, 200
Wrought thro' the fine secreting glass, conveys
Its trembling blush to the transported view.
Descending slowly on the gale, it flow'd
Spontaneous down, and nearer as it fall'd,
Disclosed a brighter radiance to the gaze 205
Of Wonder wrapt in fight. At last it stood
All-loose, and bursting like the fullen gloom
Before the lightning's rapid flash, display'd
Bright *Fancy* crown'd. Her keenly-piercing eye
Glanced o'er the scene that lighten'd as she came 210
With hasty step, and shook her dazzling wings
That sparkled in the sun : a wavy robe
Mantled her bosom, sweeping as she trod,
In loose luxuriance, and the Zephir figh'd
Soft thro' its swelling folds. Her right hand held. 215
A Globe, where Nature's towering fabric rose,
A living picture ! All the scenes that glow
Gay-robed and lovely, in some aery dream,

Where

Where Spring comes tripping o'er the low green dale,
 And strows its lap with flowers. These o'er the piece 220
 Profusely shone. Her left a magic rod
 Sustain'd, that waving as she will'd, transform'd
 The face of things, as wildly-working thought
 Call'd up discordant images, or ruled
 By Reason, form'd them gradual, to confirm 225
 Some truth, yet dubious to th' enquiring mind.

LIGHT o'er the hanging cliff she sprung, she flew,
 Quick as the meteor gleaming o'er the plain;
 Till near the place where wrapt in still amaze,
 Intent I stood, her forward step she staid 230
 Elate, and smiling, thus address'd the Sire.

“ Lo! to thy call responsive, I attend
 “ Obsequious! from the fields of Ether, clad
 “ Eternal in the broider'd robes of Spring,
 “ Where the dew wets not her gay-blooming cheek, 235
 “ Nor Winter taints her purple plumes; I come
 “ Com-

“ Commiſſion’d, of thy arduous taſk apprized,
“ To daſh the boalt of high-prefuming Hope
“ That dares to ſcan th’ Eternal; and unveil
“ What Heav’n permits the prying thought to know.” 240

She ſpoke, and ſudden o’er the ſable ſcene
Waved her transforming rod; whoſe touch diſſolved
The mountain’s brow, that gradual funk ſupine
Down on the widening vale. Unfolding fair,
I ſaw, ſurrounded with contiguous ſhades 245
A ſpacious plain, within whoſe circling bound,
Edg’d with brown foreſts, meadows, groves, and lawns,
A mighty City tower’d; ſublime as that
Fabled by Neptune’s labouring arm, to rear
Its ſpires to Heav’n, and fated to defy 250
All but the power of Wiſdom. Round its ſides,
A range of Gardens, gay as thoſe which crown’d
Thy work Semiramis, luxuriant waved
With Autumn’s mellowy growth; the flowering ſhrub
Breathed

Line 250. *Fated to defy, &c.*] Troy.

Line 252,---3. *Gay as thoſe which crowned, &c.*] The hanging gardens of Babylon.

Breathed myrrhe, and balm, and cassia, in the gale 255
Perfumed with mingling odours, and the bough
Blush'd with delicious fruitage: deeply tinged
With downy gold, the nectar'd peach display'd
Its yellow rind, and loosely-clustering near,
Grapes, melons, pines, the children of the sun, 260
Hung ripe, and tempting, to the forward hand
Of Luxury unfated. Fairer far
The blooming scene, than sings the melting lyre
Of soft Pomona's haunts, the fabled groves,
Where rose-lip'd Plenty shower'd the blushing spoils 265
Of each revolving season. All within
Was noise and pastime. O'er the spacious street
Roam'd frolic Mirth, and fly Deceit behind
Danced like a gay Buffoon. Intemperance
Reel'd from the feast of Bacchus. Business ran 270
Hurried and lumber'd, with dispatchful haste
From man to man; while idly-lolling Ease
Lean'd on a couch of down, by Zephirs cool'd,
And sweetly-luli'd by the lute's languid lay.

CHARM'D with the sight, that to the glancing eye 275
Of Thought, recalled ten-thousand rushing scenes ;
I gazed transfix'd with wonder ! Still Amaze
Lock'd up my powers a moment ! Till released
By Reason's lenient hand, I cast my eyes
Loft in sweet transport o'er the dewy lawns ; 280
Where gay-robed Beauty's liberal lap had shower'd
Profuse of wealth, the richest treasures out
Wild in unsparing waste. " Almighty God
" This is thy work ! (thus thought the kindling soul,
" To transport rais'd) the deeply-tinctured bloom 285
" That paints yon blushing flower, is but the stroke
" Of thy transforming pencil ; and the air
" Perfumed with balm and myrh, wafts the rich spoils
" From all thy works in incense to thy throne !"

THUS I, transported with the present scenes, 290
Nor minding these to come. 'Twas now the time
Of burning noon, and from his radiant car,
Led by the silver-pinnion'd Hours, the Sun
Shot his bright blaze o'er all th' unbounded scene,

D

That

That scorch'd the field with drought. A neighbouring bower 295
 Waved to the gale umbrageous, and inticed
 The limbs of panting Labour to repose
 In its refreshing cool. Thither we came
 Fatigued, and resting on a couch of flowers
 That breathed perfume, beheld th' adjacent scenes 300
 Display'd in boundless prospect. But the eye
 Was soon diverted to a sight more strange.

For lo! arising in the sultry south
 Where the sun flamed intense; a bluish mist
 Wrought from a Mine of Nitre, breathed its steam 305
 Full on the tainted Gale! An earthquake shook
 The hollow ground, and Darkness rising flow,
 Rear'd her bold arm imperious to the Sun,
 And bloated half his beams. At last the Earth
 Burst up, and shooting thro' the mighty void 310
 Arose a shapeless Monster! On his brow,
 Sat Terror and Despair; dark, dismal, wan;
 And nursed a brood of snakes, shed by the fell
 Typhphone! The thirty Furies fired

His

His thoughts to blood and slaughter; and his eyes 315
Shot like a gleam of lightning o'er the field,
And wither'd all its bloom. Medusa's head
That struck th' unwary gazer into stone,
Wrought not a change more wondrous. On he strode
With step terrific, for his baleful breath 320
Was blasting poison, and his hand sustain'd
A sword that smok'd with blood. Graved on the blade
Appear'd conspicuous his distinguish'd name,
The PESTILENCE! Spare gracious Heav'n (exclaim'd
My frantic soul) O spare the race of man! 325

IN vain! For onward came the grisly shape :
And rais'd his wasteful hand, and shook his hair
That dropp'd with steamy sulphur. Thro' the gate
Of that proud City, tottering to a fall,
He pass'd tremendous. Famine at his heels 330
Incessant yell'd, and roll'd her ghastly eyes ;
And gnaw'd a living vultur. As they strode,
Loud rose the voice of Woe! I saw the sword,
A gleamy blade, by that relentless hand

Plunged in the heart of Innocence! I saw 335

Where the wild Mother, to her throbbing breast

Impatient clasp'd the child, that look'd its soul,

Writhed with strong pangs ; and spread its little hands,

Guiltless of harm, to ask the lenient balm

Of Love's reviving breath. She to its lips 340

Distracted clung, and o'er its clammy limbs

Pour'd the warm gush of unavailing woe.

THUS o'er the City roam'd this dreadful pair ;

And mark'd their steps with slaughter. As the sword

Of that destroying Angel, sent to quell 345

The pride of Pharaoh, in one dismal night

Smote the first-born of Ægypt's mighty sons,

And struck her King with dread ; thus the dire hands

Of these fell Furies laid the City waste :

And fill'd its streets with carnage, blood, despair. 350

THRILL'D with amaze and horror, as I view'd

This change unhop'd ; back to my fluttering heart

Rush'd the chill blood. Commiseration, dread,

Bene-

Benevolence, and pity, thro' my foul
Shot with resistless violence, and charged 355
Each thought with piercing anguish. Sure the Sire
Of Heav'n and Earth disdains this child of woe,
And man was made in vain! Weak as thou art,
(Replied incensed the venerable Power
Of Contemplation) cease thy rash complaint ; 360
Or dread the hand of Vengeance. He who rules
Yon star-crown'd arch, who in the day of wrath
Grasps the red bolt, and shoots his light'nings thro'
The quaking soul of Guilt ; points not the flame,
Nor grasps the bolt in vain. 'Tis Vice that shades 365
His brow with frowns, and bids stern Justice strike,
Where gentle Mercy meant to save. But see
Yon blackening cloud, and mark what meets thy gaze.

I LOOK'D, and sudden from the stormy north,
Out-rush'd a wheeling Whirlwind : from a cloud 370
Black with imprison'd storms, it swept along
Impetuous. Towering on its gloomy wing
An Angel rode ; of port sublime, and eyes

That

That flash'd the living lightning. O'er his arm
Hung the transparent shield; a flaming spear 375
Waved in his hand; and on his helmed brow,
Perch'd like an eagle, sat the god-like Power
Of Victory. Light as the glancing ray
He sprung with rapid flight, intent to reach
The monster hewing his dire course. Alarm'd 380
He stood, and sudden felt his withering limbs
Charged by superior power. From his weak hand
He dropt the sword; his ruffling garment flew
Loose to the wind: till by the angel's arm
Raised high, the maddening whirlwind bore him far 385
To caves untraced by man. Soon as he fled,
Out-look'd the sun: along the broider'd lawn
The foliage blossom'd; and the groves around
Pour'd forth unnumber'd their melodious tribes
Sweet-tongued, that warbling pour'd the mazy stream 390
Of Harmony, and rapt the list'ning ear
Of wakeful Echo to resound their lays.

As lost in thought the musing mind revolved

This

This scene of wonders; the superior Power
Long paused, and serious, thus resumed his theme. 395

THERE let thy mind behold the ways of God,
Nor trust conjecture's purblind eye to pore
In labyrinths inaccessible, where lost,
Weak Reason gropes, yet o'er that scanty span
Exposed to view, discerns such beauteous traits; 400
Such fair-proportion'd symmetry; as shews
The hand of Wisdom in this glorious frame.

BUT late, as thro' the heath th' autumnal breeze
Chill-piercing blew; informing Fancy call'd
Thy bowers, fair Eden, to th' enraptured view; 405
Where o'er elysian lawns, and mantling groves,
And rills sweet-murmuring, and high-arching woods;
And dales where Luxury reposed her limbs
To dream of Heav'n; where o'er these blissful scenes
Gay Summer bright'ning breathed eternal bloom. 410
Rash! know'st thou not that was the boon bestow'd.
Thy thoughts demand, far other farms than thine

Were

Were wanted, mid the sultry heat to breathe

Alive and vigorous; o'er the scorching foil,

All-warm with vegetating life, to bend

415

Th' unceasing step, nor feel the copious dew

Smoke o'er the loosened limbs, that fainting claim

The rushing winds to cool them. O'er the isles,

Till late unknow'n, where oft thy harpy hand,

Infatiate Avarice, with sure aim conveys

420

The hardy Spaniard to his grave; what taints

The air with death, but that the blazing Sun

Pours o'er the lawns his yellow-streaming ray,

That from the shooting plant's loose-ruffled leaves

Exhales the reeking moisture. When no Breeze

425

Fresh from the ocean, shakes its cooling wing

Along

Line 425. *When no breeze, &c.*] The Philippine islands, fertile as they are said to be in producing whatever is beneficial to man, are yet in some respects particularly dangerous, and even destructive. The soil of these is generally moist, and the heat intense, as some of them lie within six or seven degrees of the Æquator. They share indeed the advantages of other islands, by being refreshed with breezes from the sea, and the constant action of the sun produceth a rapid and vigorous vegetation; yet this last circumstance is often prejudicial to the inhabitants, and particularly to foreigners, as the soil perpetually moistened either by rains, or by subterraneous currents, teems with poisonous herbs, whose effluvia infect the air, and destroy the people. This however only happens when those herbs are budding, and when the sea-breezes intermit their operation. They are likewise subject to the shock of Earthquakes, which are sometimes attended with the most pernicious consequences. The Spaniards who settle in these islands are swept off in multitudes by these destructive qualities of the air.

Along the mead, the slowly-mingling scents,
 Oft steam'd from life-consuming herbs, infect
 The stagnant air, and thro' the blood diffuse
 Their breath, that gradual drinks the vital flood ; 430
 Or bids Life's dimly-glimmering lamp expire.

YET grant that o'er thy haunt refreshing gales
 Should breathe, and waft from aromatic groves
 Their sweets ; that every flower with heightned bloom
 Should paint thy smiling walk, and every breeze 435
 Blow from a citron bank. Say would the earth
 Demand no respite from its waste ? The air,

E

No

Line 436. *Would the Earth demand no respite, &c.*] Inter cætera itaque Providentiæ opera hoc quoque aliquis ut dignum admiratione suspexit. Non enim ex una causa Ventos aut invenit, aut per diversa disposuit ; sed primum ut aera non sinerent pigrescere, sed assidua vexatione utilem redderent vitalemque tracturis. Sen. Nat. Quæst. This theory is certainly consonant both to reason and experience. The purest air must at last become fœtid and stagnant, when there is a constant and vigorous vegetation in the earth ; and no suitable commotion is excited in the atmosphere to disperse the exhalations which are perpetually arising from it. To be convinced of this, we need only to consider the different temperature which takes place in mountainous countries, from that which obtains in a wet and marshy soil. The air, rarefied and exhilarated (if I may be permitted that expression) in the former case, as it is pent up and putrid in the other, produceth an obvious effect, not only upon the habit and complexion, but even upon the manners of the inhabitants ; and upon the diseases to which both are subjected. Nor is it to be supposed, that the airs of summer will alone be sufficient to the task of purifying the atmosphere. These, however cool and refreshing, seem rather to have been intended for the purpose of effluating a temporary intermission of the effects, than of thoroughly eradicating the cause. To accom-

No chilling blast to bid its mist dispell,
 And shake th' innumerable living race, that skim
 Its void unseen with undulating wing, 440
 Loose from the loaded mass? When Winter binds
 The glebe, or blasts the swarming tribes, or drinks
 The circling fluids, from the withering plant
 Retiring slow, to spread their vital juice
 Thro' the rough bosom of the parent soil: 445
 Then wearied Nature from her toil relax'd,
 Shares rest; and as th' o'er labour'd frame, restored
 By sleep's dissolving opiate, to its work
 Springs with invigorated nerves, alive, Active,

accomplish the latter of these ends, it is necessary either that frequent rains, or piercing frosts, should destroy those innumerable animalcules which impregnate the elements in the sultry season, and render the air particularly noxious. In the order of nature, this alternate succession of heat and cold, and of drought and rain, is likewise indispensably necessary to the welfare of the globe. Exhausted by severe vegetation, the earth like a strong constitution worn out with labour, requires a relaxation from it's toil; and a supply of fresh juices to invigorate anew the productions of the succeeding seasons. These are liberally communicated to it, and this end is completely effectuated during the continuance of winter. In Northern climates, the frosts put an end to severe vegetation, and the snow impregnates the soil with salts, which circulate freely when it is unloosed by a thaw. This circulation is probably the cause of that gross and hazy atmosphere which almost always takes place on occasions of this kind. In hotter countries the same effects are produced by severe and continued rains. For a fuller discussion of this subject the reader may consult Derham's Physico-Theology. Vol. I. Ch. 2. and Spectac. de la Nat. V. 3.

Line 442, ---3. *Drinks the circling fluids.* Εαν δε η ο τοπος περι-
 κεκαλυμμενος ου γινεται εν αυτω βοταναι, αλλη ανευ φυλλων. Απεχωρησε
 γαρ απ αυτου η ευκρασια της γης η ομογενης αυτη. Οθεν ανθη και φυλλα εν
 βοταναις σμικραις μεμιγμενα ευρισκονται εν τοποις κεκραμενοις καθρους δι αερος
 και υδατος. Εν ετεροις δε με τοιουτοις σπανια εισι τα ανθη, και τα φυλλα
 των φυτων των συμβαινοντων εν τη χιοι. Aristot. De Plan. Lib. 2.

Active, and airy : Thus the pregnant earth, 450
Soon as attended by the fanning Gales
Young Spring appears, from its soft bosom pours
In rich profusion all th' unbounded store
That wakes high transport in the heart of man.

THE Seasons thus, harmonious as they roll, 455
Have each its separate use ; to warm the soil
With genial heat ; to bid its moisture flow
Thro' the fine fibres of the shooting plant
Slow-raised ; to call thy fair assemblage forth,
Triumphant Beauty ! Daughter of the Dawn ! 460
Queen of the rosy-smiling mead ! to swell
To full luxuriance thy gay-broider'd train,
What time from laughing Ceres, o'er the field
Loose drops the yellow sheaf ; or when thy wing
All-radiant on th' autumnal gale ascends, 465
To pour rich juices thro' the fertile earth ;
That Nature in her robe of living green,
Deck'd like a Bridegroom for his nuptial hour,
All breathing balm, may hail thy loved return.

Lost were this fair harmonious round, that wakes 470
 The soul to joy ; lost were the vivid bloom
 Of Health that mantles on the cheek of youth
 In smiles : the herbage of the field would shrink
 Livid and lank, should constant Summer scorch
 The thirsty plain. The fainting Swain would drop 475
 His lifeless limbs ; the world of water stand
 Stagnant and putrid ; and the fell-eyed Plague
 (Like that which walks o'er Asia's sultry fields :)
 Would raise an arm of terror, waste the earth,
 Tremendous in his course ; and from the Globe 480
 Sweep half its people as he roam'd along.

HENCE

Line 477, &c. *The fell-eyed plague---would raise an arm of terror*] The learned and pious author of *Physico-Theology* observes very justly on this subject, that if the whole mass of air and vapours was always at rest, instead of refreshing and animating, it would suffocate and poison all the world : but the perpetual commotions it receives from gales and storms, keep it pure and healthful. Thus far Mr. Derham. *Physico-Theol.* V. I. p. 21. The reader will, probably, assent to the truth of this remark, who reflects that the malignant distempers which rage in great cities, can only be ascribed to the foetid air confined in such places, and not properly circulated by the action of the winds. The perpetual exhalations which arise, especially in hot and dry seasons, either from the concourse of inhabitants, or from causes of a similar nature ; not being dissipated by the elements, occasion a stagnation of the air, by which the human body is immediately affected. These putrid effluvia being afterwards dispersed over the open country, are perhaps the original causes of those epidemical distempers, for which we are often so much puzzled to account ; and from whose influence the air is never wholly free, until it is purified by frosts or tempests.

Of Heav'n : the winds attend it, and the skies
 From their wide sluices pour a torrent down,
 Rushing impetuous. On thy thirsty fields, 500
 Fair India, scorch'd beneath the solar blaze,
 Descends the Deluge ! O'er the plains it spreads,
 A boundless inundation ! The full tides,
 Swelling and copious, as th' exhausted soil
 A liberal waste demands, flow-settling, warm 505
 The glebe, and thro' its glowing mass, infuse
 Fresh moisture, ripening for the growth of Spring.

OfT too the Whirlwind's rapid wheel involves
 Th' encumber'd forest in its round ; the trees
 Rent from the cliff precipitating, load 510
 The wings of air ; the harmless flocks that roam
 Secure, nor dream the sudden death so near,
 Give to the eddying whirl their shiver'd limbs.

The

Line 503, &c. *The full tides, Swelling and copious.*] It is worth observing, that as the earth in hot countries must be more exhausted by the severe vegetation which takes place in the sultry seasons, than it can be in more moderate climates, where these seasons continue likewise for a much shorter time ; they are therefore supplied with a proportioned quantity of rain in the wet season, which answers to our winter, that this waste may be repaired speedily and compleatly. The whirlwinds in these countries probably answer the same end that frosts and tempests do in ours.

The City feels it, and the tottering domes
 Rock from their inmost base; or loose, affright 515
 The pale inhabitant, that skulks within
 Panting, and shudders as the roaring winds
 Around him bellow; left the cracking beam
 Should burst, and o'er him the broad roof descend.

YET hence the steams that taint the putrid air 520
 Dissolve at once, as by yon Angel's arm
 Thou saw'st the blood-stain'd Pestilence dispell'd.
 Hence purer spirits thro' the blood diffused,
 Give to the lip its ruby-tinctured hue:
 Hence Health's gay smile illumines the dimpling cheek; 525
 And the pulse lightly dances, as the breast
 Inhales flow-heaved, the pure refreshing air.

WHEN o'er the field yet dropping from the shower
 Ascends the hazy thick'ning mist, exhaled

From

Line 520. *Yet hence the steams, &c.*] Πολλοι τε και ισχυροι πνεουσι μα-
 λις α ουτοι. Πνεοντες γαρ εγγυθεν μαλιστα αποβιαζομενοι τα αλλα πνευματα
 παυουσι, και αποφυζωντες τα συνισταμενα νεφη ποιουσιν αιθριαν αν μη ψυχροι
 σφοδρα τυχωσιν αμα οντες. Aristot. Meteor. Lib. 2. c. 6.

From every dew-stain'd herb ; the fanning gale 530
 Thence gently whispering breathes along the plain,
 And from the foliage of the drooping flower
 Brushing the liquid drops, recalls their bloom
 Bright'ning, and bids the face of Nature smile.

BID now thy thought explore these beauteous scenes. 535
 See'st thou no order in th' harmonious round
 Of Seasons ? In the Tempest's whirl, appears

No

Line 530,--31. *The fanning Gale thence gently whispering.*] ΟΥΤΟ ΚΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ
 ΤΟΥΣ ΤΟΠΟΥΣ ΑΝΤΙΠΕΡΙΣΤΑΣΘΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΜΕΤΑΒΑΛΛΕΙΝ ΤΑΣ ΑΝΑΒΛΗΜΑΤΕΙΣ. ΕΤΙ ΔΕ ΜΕΤΑ
 ΤΟΥΣ ΟΜΒΡΟΥΣ ΑΝΕΜΟΣ ΩΣ ΤΑ ΠΟΛΛΑ ΓΙΝΕΤΑΙ ΕΝ ΕΚΕΙΝΟΙΣ ΤΟΙΣ ΤΟΠΟΙΣ ΚΑΘ' ΟΙΣ ΑΝ
 ΣΥΜΠΕΣΗ ΓΙΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΟΜΒΡΟΙΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΑ ΠΑΥΕΤΑΙ ΥΔΑΤΟΣ ΓΕΝΟΜΕΝΟΝ.

Line 535. *Bid now thy thought, &c.*] The reader will observe, that in the preceding reflections we have only enumerated a few of the more obvious advantages which arise from winds, as these are in some measure necessary to the life of man ; without mentioning other respects in which they become subservient to his convenience. Thus we must immediately be convinced that without these useful servants, all intercourse betwixt distant nations must be wholly at an end. Navigation in that case would be an useless art ; and commerce, the parent of culture as well as of luxury, could no longer be carried on. The remote countries which open to us so many new sources of pleasure, would either never have been discovered ; or the discovery must at once cease to be beneficial. In short, mankind, supposing them capable of living, must in such a case soon degenerate into their original barbarity. We have likewise taken no notice of the Etesian Winds, as they are called, which blow regularly at different seasons from the North and South poles to the Æquator ; nor of the trade-winds, so beneficial to the inhabitants of the torrid zone on both sides of the Æquator ; as their direction is either easterly betwixt it and the northern tropic, or as they blow from the South pole when the sun hath passed the Æquinoctial Line. A minute detail of these points would have run the poem into too much length without advancing the principal end, which is only to take notice of the most striking and conspicuous marks which the world exhibits of order or design.

No print of Wisdom? Mark'st thou not its rage
(So wills the Lord of Nature) to the good
Of all subservient? In his great Design, 540
Not Winter's rushing sweep, nor the wild wing
Of Whirlwinds howling o'er the boiling waves;
Nor the strong Storm's loud uproar; less promote
The general end; than Summer's genial ray
That gilds the laughing landskip; or the breeze 545
Of mellow Autumn, when the ripened sheaf,
Nodding and copious claims the Reaper's hand.

Now turn thy sight. He spoke, and as the wand
Of Fancy waved obsequious; the long lawns,
The grove, the gardens, and the glittering towers, 550
At once dissolved in fluid air. A scene
Naked, and desart as Arabia's wilds
Where roams the famish'd Lion, and his yell
Scares the dim Ghost; around me frowning, thrill'd
My inmost soul with horror. All Around, 555
'Twas one rude pile of hills high-heap'd on hills;
Or tyger-haunted dens, or darksome caves;

Or rocks stupendous, where the brouzing kid
Seem'd quivering like a loose and ragged stone
Hung o'er th' aerial precipice! O'er all, 560
One mountain tower'd superior, like the peak
Of Teneriff, amid contiguous heights
That shade the fields around. Rapt to the brow
Of a rude cliff, whence all the horrid scene
Rush'd on my startled gaze; I mark'd behind 565
That topmost spire, a long and ragged pile
Of Towers, and mouldering Obelisks, and Fanes
Sublime in ruin! whence the raven pour'd
Her boding wail; and thro' the midnight gloom,
Pale Fear might picture there the sheeted Ghost 670
Measuring his slow and solemn step! Before,
The white dust hovering thro' the misty air,
Sat on the silent solitary hills,
Where the wild eagle wheel'd his weary wing,
Vain hope, to search his prey. Blue brimstone scath'd 675
Their sides; and from their feet, the little rills
That stole low-murmuring thro' the parched vale;
Smoked, as they stray'd in less'n'd streams along.

SLOW as my rapt eye roll'd from shade to shade,
And spoke the mind perplex'd : its plaint at last 580
Burst to my lips. " Ah why these horrid rocks
" Shaggy and formless ? Did th' Eternal mark
" His work in wrath with these enormous mounds,
" Whose sight terrific damps the vital stream ;
" And clouds the brow of Mirth ?" 585

SUDDEN I ceased : For lo a dreadful scene
Fix'd all my wondering powers in still amaze !
Heaved with unusual strength, as if the arm
Of some Superior Power had shook the frame
Of labouring Nature, all th' unbounded hills 590
Rose from their base ! We heard the solemn voice
Of Thunder from beneath, that hurl'd along,
And loudly-murmuring roll'd from cave to cave.
Mute was the scene and awful ! Not a breath
Fann'd the still desert ! Not an insect-wing 595
Weak-waving whisper'd in the waste of air.
The deep Hill groan'd, as if the storm within
Had tore its rocking form, and on the void

Of Æther, spread the doubling smoke afar,
 As from a boiling furnace! From its mouth, 600
 At last wide-opening, rush'd the smother'd flame,
 And blaz'd to Heav'n! The fiery stream display'd,
 Stood like a column in the dusky cloud,
 And cast a livid gleam, pale as the eye
 Of Lightning glanced along the fullen gloom. 605

WIDE o'er the boundless waste, the shower of fire
 Rush'd on, and crackling wrapt in flitting flame
 Its scanty growth, yet recent from the blast
 Of former Desolation: till the blaze
 Retiring gradual, spent its wasteful power; 610
 And nought but Horror frown'd o'er all the scene.

DUBIOUS I stood, and to the hoary Sage
 Timid, yet eager, rais'd a trembling look;
 Who pitying mark'd my wish, and thus began.

THY mind unknowing the Almighty's ways 615
 Involved in clouds, beholds these varying scenes

Per-

Perplex'd, nor views them with discerning thought.
Yon howling wild, woods, mountains, dens, and caves,
So rudely heap'd ; the Hill whose fuel'd fides
Are clothed with sulphur, and high-streaming, threat 620
The works of man with ruin. These survey'd
Thro' thy false medium Sense, mislead thy view ;
And veil from Judgment's deeper search, their end.

WEIGH then uninfluenced, with impartial eye
What lies before thee. Form thy estimate 625
Of things, not weakly from the first false draught
That strikes thy sight, and to the startled gaze
Of Fancy, teems with horror ; but suspend
Thy full decision, till slow-judging Thought
Hath scann'd a WHOLE, and view'd the separate parts, 630
As each subservient in the general plan
To some superior end, o'erlook'd by Sense,
But found by Reason's cool and just review.

THUS seen, yon pile of ruins will offend
The judging mind no more. Say would'st thou wish 635
The

The Hills dissolved; thou, whose insatiate Hope
 Deems not that Beauty in the yellow field,
 The haunt of Ceres reigns; nor sits enthroned
 High o'er the sweeping architrave; nor walks
 Along the level lawn: but still displeased,
 Pants for variety in all. When rapt
 To the wild summit of some airy cliff
 Hung o'er the murmuring deep; thine eye beholds
 Here on the tide's green mirror, the mild beam

640

Of

Line 641. *Pants for variety, &c.*] This truth is conspicuous upon every occasion, and is perhaps as characteristic of Human Nature as any circumstance whatever. In viewing external objects every man is in some degree disgusted with uniformity; and the only difference betwixt an intelligent and an illiterate man in such a case is, that the former can assign the cause of his dissatisfaction; while the latter is possessed of the same feeling, but enquires not into the principle from which it proceeds. Thus the view of a long, dead, flat country, where

No pleasing intricacies intervene,

No artful wildness to perplex the scene;

Pope.

is tiresome and disagreeable to every individual. There are indeed some painful as there are some delightful feelings, peculiarly appropriated to persons of refinement and delicacy. Thus in such a villa as the poet above-mentioned has described that of Timon; where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other.

Taste would be disgusted, where Folly or Ignorance might be rapt in admiration. Yet as some degree of those radical principles which characterise human nature exists in every mind; there are I believe very few men who would not prefer to such a scene as this, the variegated intermixture of hill and dale, streams and woods, gardens and wilderness, agreeably contributing to relieve the eye with a succession of new objects, where

Speluncæ, vivique lacus, & frigida Tempe,

Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni

Non absunt.

Virg.

who would not I say prefer this prospect to the former, supposing him to be in case to give his judgment of both from immediate inspection.

Of Evening streaming gold: Or there surveys 645
 The white wave rushing to the solid rock
 Unmoved; the loose light quivering, as it rolls
 Back to the Ocean. When bright Fancy's gaze
 Turns quick, and joyous eyes the shores around,
 A boundless waste! and sees the smiling meads, 650
 Or towers gay-glittering, or unfolding lawns,
 Or navys riding on the ridgy wave!
 Say then would pining Thought demand the vale,
 Or deem th' aerial height that gives the scenes
 To man's astonish'd sight, a casual fault 655
 Of Nature? Clear'd of these majestic piles,
 Where were the ruder scenes seen from the hills
 Of Caledonia? the romantic wild
 Solemn and vast, the rocks rough height display'd,
 So wildly great, that like a mouldering Tower, 660
 Stands on the naked waste! The mountains piled
 Sublime in horrid grandeur to the sky
 That shrouds their misty brow; where Nature sits
 In rude magnificence, and hears the roar
 Of distant billows murmuring on her ear? 665

NOR

NOR thus hath Nature form'd the varied globe
 Alone to soothe bold Fancy's wondering ken.
 But Health gay-smiling haunts the chilly hill,
 A mountain-nymph, no fullen cloud obscures
 Her shining eyes ; but on her balmy lip 670
 The ruby deepens ; o'er her lightned limbs
 Sweeps her fair robe luxuriant ; and her breath
 Exhales the fragrance of the scented dale,
 When first Aurora's crimson-streaming ray
 Breaks out, and trembling gilds the placid scene. 675

HENCE oft' Disease, thy wither'd train, that feel
 The maddening Ague thro' their shrivel'd nerves

Alter-

Line 668. *But Health gay smiling, &c.*] One of the principal uses to which mountains are subservient, is unquestionably the health which they are the means of procuring to persons who languish in moist and unwholesome air. In low countries it is impossible that this element can be so pure and rarefied as it is on the summit of mountains; and where the soil is naturally marshy, even the frosts and storms of winter are not always sufficient to remove the pernicious effects which frequently result from it. The vapours which ascend from mountains are on the contrary instantly dissipated by the winds; and the fogs which sometimes surround them cannot on that account produce such effects upon the health of the Inhabitants, as the continuance of these generally does in flat or low countries. May we not likewise conclude, that as botanists generally find the most wholesome medicinal herbs on the sides or on the tops of mountains; the air which is impregnated with the effluvia exhaled from these, must contribute to preserve health, in the same manner as the herbs themselves are salutary to restore it? Whatever may be in this, it is certain that the change of air in chronical diseases is the most effectual of those innumerable expedients which the invention of man hath contrived to acquire the possession of the most inestimable benefit.

Line 677. *Hence oft Disease, &c.*] In this enumeration of human miseries, the reader will observe, that we have mentioned only those diseases which are generally ascribed to unwholesome air.

Alternate scattering frost, or pouring flame :
 Or mourn the shooting rheum, or languid, droop
 In slow consumption, when the labouring breast 680
 Heaves high with foetid air : While here they breathe
 The purer elemental gale, refined,
 And free, rejoicing, see the dusky face
 Of Nature brighten, and transported swim
 Frolic and light, thro' life's harmonious maze. 685

SEEST thou yon rills that o'er the channel'd rock
 Low-tinkling wind to reach the hollow'd vale ?

G

These

Line 687. *Seest thou yon rills, &c.*] We are now come to a subject which has occasioned much speculation. I mean the origin of fountains. That these are derived primarily from the hills which are scattered over the face of the Earth, is a principle laid down by almost every author who treats of this curious and agreeable enquiry. Plato is the only ancient writer who speaks of the origin of fountains without mentioning of the hills, and who derives these from a cause altogether independent. This writer after laying it down as a principle that the internal structure the earth is hollow and cavernous; supposeth that there is *ἘΝ ΤΙ ΤΩΝ ΧΑΣΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΗΣ ΓΗΣ*, one of those chasms of the earth infinitely greater than any of the others, and extending its arms thro' the whole globe; and in this capacious reservoir he imagines the waters to be collected. This he tells us is the Barathrum of Homer.

Τηλε μάλ' ἤχι βάθυτον ὑπο χθονος ἐστὶ βερεθρον.

This immense flood he says is perpetually agitated by the circumambient air, which when it is raised to the external surface, and is straitned by the inundation of water, occasions incredible commotions both as it enters and rushes out of this receptacle. When therefore (says he) the waters are forced downwards by this impetus of the air, they stream along the channels of the earth in rivulets. These collected together form the rivers; and the whole mass rolls in separate beds into seas, lakes, fountains, &c. with which the globe is so beautifully diversified. Phæd. This

These slowly filter'd as they slide along
 The beds of ore, or thro' the softned earth
 Descend ; o'er all the silent valley steal
 Sweet murmuring : or to the thirsty swain
 Irriguous wind, who near the steep ascent,
 Fatigued and fainting, quaffs the cooling stream.

690

HENCE

This Theory however is rather ingenious than solid. Not to mention the absurdity of supposing an internal receptacle of this kind fitted to contain the waters, when all the ends answered by it are effectuated with facility by a more obvious expedient ; we cannot believe (as Aristotle justly observes) that there is any void within the earth capacious enough to contain the whole mass of waters ; and the air forcing them backwards with so much velocity as to give birth to seas and rivers on the external surface of the globe is wholly chimerical. This great philosopher after refuting the opinion of his adversary, proceeds to establish his own. Experience he tells us declares that there is indeed some collection of springs under ground from which fountains and rivers are originally derived ; and these he says are liberally supplied from the hills, through which the rain sinking as through a sponge, penetrates the fissures of the mountain, and flows in streams along the vallies. As a proof of this he observes not only that fountains are always contiguous to eminencies, but likewise that the strength and breadth of the current is generally proportioned to the size of the mountain from which it proceeds. Πλειστοι και μεγαιστοι ποταμοι ρεουσι εκ των μεγαιστων Ορων. Οι γαρ ορεινοι και υψηλοι τοποι οιον σπογγος πυκνης επικρεμαμενος κατα μικρα μεν δε διαπιδωσι και συλλειβουσι το υδωρ. Aristot. Meteor. Lib. I. This Theory he afterwards confirms by examples. The ingenious author of Spectacle de la Nature has examined this subject with great accuracy. He observes that we ought not to consider the surface and texture of mountains in the same manner as we do that of the vallies, or plains. The former he tells us abound with fissures, chinks, subterraneous caves and grottos, and cells prepared for the reception of water. Their summits attract the vapours of the Atmosphere, which condense into rain and soak through the sandy stratum above, until their course being impeded by some hard and solid layer of clay or stone, they stream along the surface of it, and issue at last into the open air. The process by means goes on gradually, and the store of waters is not exhausted by a sudden and impetuous discharge, which would otherwise make the earth perpetually fluctuate betwixt the extremes of inundation and drought. This is but a very short sketch of our author's ingenious Theory. See Spectac. de la Nat. V. 3. Entret. 21.

HENCE might the studious philosophic eye
Trace to its source the river's swelling tide, 695
That rolls in majesty serene : might see
Euphrates, rising from a scanty rill,
That feebly wanders down the fruitful side
Of Ararat : till swell'd with rushing tides,
That rapid current o'er Armenia's fields 700
Bursts wide and billowy ; thro' the sun-scorch'd plains
Of Syria rolls ; and aids, profusely kind,
Arabia's woods to scent the balmy gale.

WHAT time hot Sirius in the aerial void
Rears his red front, and o'er the parched field 705
Wide darts the fiery blaze ; the wakeful view
Of cool Philosophy might trace the Nile,
As rushing down the Abyssinian hills,
Bursts the whole liquid Atmosphere ; high-raised,
O'erflow his slimy bank ; or Niger spread 710
His blackning wave ; or Ganges to the main,
Triumphant tumbling wild his torrent-stream.

FAR in the hills where from the scourge of Power
Remote ; a free and hardy people reign,
Thy children Liberty ! whose happy fields 715
Smoke not with human blood, the furgy Rhine
Draws his first spring ; and broiders many a vale
With flowers that paint his aery bank ; and rolls
His current onward, with collected rills
Slow-f swelling : till his copious urn supplied, 720
Down rush the floods with aggregated roar,
And through Germania wind, where many a tower
Darkens the fable flood ; and sweeping wide,
Thence hold thro' Gallia's fields their lengthening way :
Till roll'd thro' happier plains, where Commerce pours 725
Her fleets that hide the billowy deep, they roam ;
And branching various, join the boundless main.

HENCE too the Tagus swells his golden tide
Serene and placid. Hence the oak-crown'd Thames
Draws from deep urns remote his silver stream 730
That bears Britannia's thunder. Hence the woods
On Dee's delightful bank, where first the Muse

Taught

Taught thy young hand to touch the tender strings,
Though weak and trembling. Every gentler rill
That waves spontaneous to the balmy gale, 735
And feeds the blooming herbage, draws its source
From these rude heights, to Fancy's narrow ken
Heap'd in wild ruin o'er the world ; and piled
Horrid, to startle Thought's averted gaze.

YET not ev'en these alone proclaim the hand 740
That form'd the mighty hills. But other use
Displays to man, that when his maker shaped
The mass, then Wisdom ruled th' unerring plan.

WHEN from the piercing blast that Winter breathes
Thro' the chill air, the trembling Shepherd flies 745
To reach his simple cot, that from the side
Of some bleak hill commands the neighbouring dales ;
There shelter'd, warm, and joyous, hears the North
Howl o'er the cliff that screens him from its rage ;
And careless prattles his amusive tale : 750
Knows he not then what shade the mountain yields,
That

That o'er him hangs protective, and sustains
 The storm, that else had whelm'd his little hut,
 And turn'd him waste and naked to the wild?

NOR one thus singly knows the ruling hand 755
 Of watchful Providence that cares for all.
 Whole countrys shrouded by surrounding heights,
 The mounds of Nature! surer far than those
 By mimic Art contrived ; amid the storm
 Loud-bellowing o'er the distant rocks ; lye calm, 760
 Shelter'd, and opening to the Sun's mild beam ;
 As lightly shooting, thro' the sailing clouds
 It pours wide radiance, and illumines the scene.

CAST o'er this round and rolling world thine eye ;
 This effort of Omnipotence ! behold, 765
 How gradual-sloping, to the shore it bends ; But

Line 757. *Whole countries shrouded, &c.*] The ingenious author of Anson's voyage, observes that the celebrated tranquillity of the Pacific Ocean is probably occasioned by the neighbourhood of the Andes, which cover an immense track of country, and form a mound to repel the storms. This he says is the more credible, as after losing sight of these mountains, they found themselves immediately in a climate wholly different, and instead of the temperature of the Pacific Ocean, were exposed to the burning heat of the West-Indies.

Line 765--66. *Behold, how gradual-sloping, &c.*] There is scarce any thing that indicates more sensibly the hand of Wisdom, than this admirable structure of
 the

But swells flow-rising where the inland wild
 Hears not the roaring main. Thus Wisdom shaped
 Its form, that o'er its hollow'd mafs, the fstreams
 May fweep descending, as their tides convey 770
 Collected treasures to the race that roam
 O'er plains remote, and in the rufhing floods
 Behold ideal Oceans; fpreading wide
 O'er dales and meads whose green embroider'd robe
 Skirt their fair banks with flowers; till wandering on, 775
 Their mingling currents fwell the infatiate main.

HENCE oft gay-glittering with the filmy dew
 Loose lie the broider'd dales; or copious fed
 With fhowers foft dropping from the hovering cloud
 That wraps the hills dark fummit, (there convey'd 780
 By fure though fecret influence) rejoice

Beneath

the earth, by which the courfe of the rivers is fo much facilitated; as they are constantly, though imperceptibly descending till they join with the fea. This is a circumftance taken notice of by all naturalifts who examine this fubject. Je vois (fays an author whom we have frequently quoted) toute la terre coupee par ces longs canaux. Je trouve par tout un mecanifme d'une ftructure dans fes dehors qui tend d'une maniere fenfible a l'ecoulement des eaux. Dans tous les continens, & jufques dans les plus petites iles, il s'eleve de loin a loin des eminences plus ou moins grandes, depuis lesquelles le terrain s'abaisse en un pente infenfible jufqu' a la mer. Spect. de la Nat. Entr. 18.

Beneath the dew of Heav'n, that sheds its balm
Around, and genial, warms the thirsty field.

Thus as the shores whose rock-environed sides
Repel the rushing deep, oft from the mass 785
Of seas collected, drink refreshing showers;
So where no flood extends a boundless breadth,
Or breathes black vapours thro' the misty air;
The hills high-heaving, with attractive power

By

Line 789--90. *The hills--draw the light clouds.*] This, though it is certainly one of the principal uses of mountains, I do not remember to have seen particularly taken notice of by any of the writers on this subject. It is indeed agreed on all hands, that the mountains have some attractive quality by which they arrest the vapours which fluctuate in the atmosphere; a truth which on all occasions is confirmed by experience. Is it not therefore reasonable to suppose that one great end for which they are scattered over the face of the globe, is, that by this power of attraction they may collect the clouds which are perpetually arising from the sea, and by spreading these over an inland country supply it with a necessary proportion of rain? It is unquestionably by some expedient of this nature that this supply is regularly procured, in soils which are naturally dry and barren; and where the vapours exhaled from the earth are not of themselves sufficient to produce so much rain as the ground necessarily demands to bring its productions to maturity. I can think only of two objections which lye against this hypothesis. One of them is, that there are in the earth many countries apparently smooth and level, which are sufficiently well watered from the atmosphere without the benefit of mountains: The other is, that supposing the surface of the whole globe to be perfectly level, (as some authors imagine it to have been at the creation) yet the winds alone are sufficient to disperse the clouds over every part of it, and to convey the quantities of rain which may be proportioned to each of them. In answer to the former of these, it hath been already observed, that over the whole earth there must be some ascent, however imperceptible, betwixt the lands contiguous to the sea, and the middle countries which lye at a distance, in order to facilitate the descent of the rivers, which on a perfect level must overflow and stagnate. The only conclusion therefore which results from this remark is, not that the hills are of no use in dispersing the vapours
over

By Nature's God infused, draw the light clouds 790
 Afar, and spread them o'er a waste of land,
 Else parch'd, and scorching in the solar ray.

SUCH by the Sire of Heav'n the cloudy Hills
 Were form'd, not wild to scare th' affrighted eye;
 Nor heap the world with ruin; nor depress 795
 The heart of man, who marks their dizzy height
 Amazed: but still subservient to the end
 Of general good, to work the great design

H

OF

over inland and remote countries; but that the attraction from an ascent of this kind apparently imperceptible, must operate more universally, than it can do from a ragged and broken surface, by which the clouds are arrested in different places according to the direction of the winds, and the rains falling from them are therefore circumscribed and local. This is indeed true, and instead of invalidating, serves to confirm our Hypothesis. The other objection, that the winds would be sufficient to effectuate the above-mentioned purpose though the surface of the earth was perfectly level, however plausible it may appear at first view, will yet vanish on a stricter enquiry. For not to insist upon one obvious consequence from this supposition, viz. that the whole mass of vapours arising from the mountains themselves, and from the currents which flow around them, is wholly lost (at least to the purpose of effectuating frequent and necessary supplies of rain upon particular occasions) not to dwell on this: The winds must in that case heap the clouds together, which being attracted to no particular part of the earth more than another, would probably either break out in floods upon certain places, or would exhaust their stores at random, and before they arrived at countries very distant from the sea. On the contrary, in the present state of things, as soon as the vapours arising from the sea, the rivers, or from other causes are floated in the atmosphere, the winds are ready to disperse the whole, and the contiguous eminencies are prepared by the Creator to arrest such of them in their passage as may be necessary to the benefit of particular places. Thus the whole process is regularly carried on, and a distribution is made, suitable in every respect to the ideas which we entertain of the power and wisdom of the Deity.

Of Wisdom infinite, though man's weak eye
Marks not their use ; and as his moistening limbs 800
Strain up the deep ascent, his murmuring mind
Complains, and censures Heav'n's all-wise decree.

BUT thou perhaps with anxious view beheldst
Yon deep Volcano ; saw'st the furling flame,
The streaming sulphur, and the blackening cloud : 805
Nor knew'st why Heav'n ordain'd so dire a foe.

KNOW then, within Earth's all-involving womb,
Where lies conceal'd the first rude draught of things,
Are veins of living fire ; imprison'd air
That bursts the solid rock ; wide-winding streams, 810
That thro' the echoing cavern loudly roll,
And form the smoaky sulphur ; pointed sands,
That mix'd with strong bitumen, give the glow
Of the deep ruby to the dazzling beam :
Or in the sapphire paint th' inverted orb 815
Of Heav'n or bid the spangling diamond dart

Its lucid rays, that on the raven robe
Of Night loose-sparkling gild th' involving gloom.

THESE wrought thro' Nature's fine alembic, lie
Deep in the bowels of the cavern'd rock, 820
Impregn'd with seeds of fire, that o'er the mass
Diffusive spread, and when the struggling air,
Pent up, and straitned, works them into flame ;
All-wild, and rapid, thro' the labouring earth
They pour resistless ; burst the solid cliffs : 825
And thro' the yawning void thatwhelms at once
The tumbling City, mount and melt in air.

MARK yon wide-spreading field, (a spacious plain
Rose as he spoke in all the heightened bloom
Of smiling Beauty !) see the mantling lawn 830
Lies all serene before thee ! fruits, and flowers,
And woods, and murmuring streams, and alleys green
Lost in wild mazes ; and the blush of Spring
O'er all diffused, to gild the beauteous scene
With luxury unbounded. If the fire 835

Lodg'd in the vaults below, had rowl'd within,
 Nor found an OUTLET; thro' the rumbling cave
 Loud storm had roar'd, and Earthquakes tore the frame,
 Th' harmonious frame above. Convulsive throws
 Had shook the Earth, and the perpetual sound 840
 Of subterraneous thunder, stunn'd the ear;
 And broke the form of Nature. But the hand
 Of Heav'n's Almighty fix'd yon rooted Hill;
 And scoop'd its womb, and cloathed its sides with fire;
 That thro' the vent prepared, th' ascending flame 845
 Might burst at once, nor circling thro' the mass,
 Tear with continual throws its shrinking veins.

HERE paused the Sage: a while the thoughtful mind
 Revolved his words, I mused, and thus replied.

" Now clear'd from Passion's mist, I see what Good 850
 " From seeming Evil springs. What once appear'd
 " Wrong, or unequal in the glorious work
 " Of Wisdom; thro' a purer medium view'd,
 " Assumes a nobler form, and points the Good

" Of

- “ Of All, as one great end that from her plan 855
“ Results, and gradual rules the vast machine.
“ Yet tell benevolent, had Nature felt
“ No change of varying seasons ; was the air
“ Pure from the taint of mildew, or the blast
“ Of killing Pestilence ; or did the earth 860
“ Fair as it rose from Wisdom’s forming hand,
“ Retain no fuel in its veins, to swell
“ Th’ incumber’d mass, or shake its solid base,
“ And pour destruction on its helpless sons :
“ Say, was the CAUSE, whence rise th’ external ills 865
“ Of Whirlwind, Storm, Volcano, from the work
“ Removed ; though in its present structure, these
“ Combine to general good : then would not man
“ Taste higher bliss, than shifting from th’ extreme
“ Of heat to cold, now freezing on the hill ; 870
“ Now panting from the sultry noon ; now caught
“ On the wild whirl-wind’s wing ; or treading light
“ He knows, when o’er Earth’s tottering arch he reels,
“ That heaves beneath him ? From these natural ills
“ Exempt, his days were calm, serene, and free.” 875

WOULD’ST

WOULD'ST thou then (thus th' indignant Power resumed)
New mould thy maker's work, reform the plan
Wrought by unerring Wisdom? Would'st thou claim
Weak, frail, and guilty as thou art; for Thee
A paradise prepared? A clime, that knows 880
No storm, th' abode of Man, whose passions break
The bounds of right; who triumphs in the eye
Of Heav'n, to launch insulting on the stream
Of Folly; who contemns the Eternal's law;
Who to his Maker says, depart, for Thee 885
I know not nor desire? say dost thou spread
The lawn for Wolves, or bid the Villa rise,
To soothe the Lion's horrid heart, that throbs
Exulting o'er its prey? Nor think the charge
Too harsh; for to Eternal Wisdom, Man 890
Deform'd by Passion, is a monster, wild
As that which roams the Lybian wastes; and joys
To drench his tusks in blood. Mark then the clime,
As temper'd to th' inhabitant. Behold
Thy mind, the mirror, where th' alternate change 895
Of

Of calm and tempest shifting quick, reflect
The varying forms of Nature ! kindling now
To rage, now boiling like the troubled sea
Work'd by a whirlwind ; madning like the wave
That strikes its shaggy mound : or secret arm'd 900
With triple poison, as the gale that breathes
Thro' the dark air its brimstone-dropping wing ;
And inly-wafting, withers as it flies.

YET still presumptuous, think'st thou that the Power
Who form'd the world, might suit to happier climes 905
The human frame ; and harmonise the mind
To perfect concord, as the master tunes
The chords melodious of the warbling lyre,
To pour the stream of Music ? Know the thought
Of that tremendous Sire whose awful ken 910
Involves the vast of Nature ; 'ere this orb
Was rent from Chaos, in wide reach disposed
The mighty chain of things. The piercing glance
Of Wisdom mark'd their natures ; and display'd
In gradual rank, the fair-ascending scale 915
Of

Of Beauty's rising tribes. Imperfect all,
As from the Finite, length unmeasured runs
To reach the Infinite. Yet in the chain
Each link maintains its use ; each part receives
Proportion'd worth ; and every movement rolls 920
To work its proper end. What lies above
Thyself, is veil'd from mortal ken ; below,
What towers to Thee is open. Cast thine eye
On lifeless matter. Mark th' ascending forms
Of Beauty, varying from the bleeding bells 925
Of yonder amaranth that sweeps the ground ;
To the tall Cedar, on the topmost spire
Of Lebanon, that rears its head sublime,
And spreads its boughs to Heav'n. See in the tribe
Of living forms, the gradual scale ascend 930
From sensitive to animal ; from brute,
To human. The fine plant, that from thy touch
Shrinks sensible, connects the filmy line
To the small shell but just impregn'd with life,
Where shut from harm as in a circling mound, 935
Lives the lone 'Habitant. Thence rising flow

Thro'

Thro' Instinct's wide-revolving rounds, ascends
 The just progression ; till the watchful dog,
 Sagacious, friendly ; penetrating, joins
 His twilight circle to his Master's sphere,
 940
 Where full-form'd Instinct *drops*, and Reason *dawns*.

IF thus thro' Nature's wide extent, the forms
 Below the vary, yet th' ascent in all
 By slow gradation rises ; think'st thou then
 That Wisdom in her higher Works observes
 945
 No similar proportion ? From the ranks
 Below, exalt thy wondering gaze ! Behold
 The Worlds that round yon central Sun revolve
 Harmonious ! Each receives its just degree
 Of genial warmth, when near the fiery orb
 950
 It drinks his purest radiance as it wheels ;
 Or sweeps in wider range, like thy fair Star
 Aurora ! fann'd with cooler gales, that lies
 In tempered air : or distant, knows

I

The

Line 950. *Near the fiery orb, &c.*] Mercury.

Line 954, &c. *Or distant knows the change of Seasons, &c.*] The gentlemen who patronize Dr. Burnet or Mr. *Wbiston's* Theories, will perhaps observe, that the diversity

The change of seasons, as the earth that feels.

955

The piercing blast of Winter: or remote,

On Nature's utmost verge all-darksome rolls;

And sees the pale sun light the lunar lamps;

Or

versity of seasons is not an effect of the earth's distance from the sun; but that it results from the obliquity of its position. This however does not affect our present argument, that from the analogy of nature we have reason to conclude, that a regular progression takes place in all the works of the Creator; because without mentioning the disobedience of man which rendered this alteration originally expedient; we may reply, that the world, and its inhabitants in their present state, occupy a particular place in the scale of creation, which renders it necessary that they should participate of those advantages and inconveniencies which are the effects of their situation. The disobedience of man taken in conjunction with this, vindicates the Deity from the imputation of injustice, for permitting these natural evils to take place, because it leads us to consider these as the punishment of sin.

Line 958. *The pale sun light the lunar lamps, &c.*] If it should be objected to this reasoning, that the order of our planetary system, as the bodies which compose it are placed at different distances from the sun, answers very little end, because it is generally supposed that these worlds are uninhabited; I would reply that nothing but the pride of man can render such a supposition apparently reasonable. All the observations which have yet been made on the planetary worlds tend to establish a probability on the opposite side of the question. Our earth has an atmosphere surrounding, and a moon attending her. The planet Jupiter, on whose moons the light of the sun must strike more faintly, has four of these secondary orbs revolving around him in order to compensate this disadvantage. Saturn at a still greater distance, is wholly encircled with a luminous ring, in which Cassini and Huygens have already discovered five moons which throw their united radiance upon him during the night season. It is beyond all question that Jupiter has an atmosphere, from the direction of which it has been concluded that the axis of that planet is perpendicular to the ecliptic, which must produce an uniform season, and a perpetual Equinox. To what purpose all this apparatus, obviously intended to make up for the natural disadvantages of situation, if these worlds are not inhabited? Has providence taken so much care to enlighten deserts, and placed moons around them like that which is subservient to us, merely to gratify the eye of man, or to afford scope to his curiosity? Surely reason will not justify us in forming a conclusion of this nature. It is to no purpose to observe that the inhabitants of these worlds must live in the extremities of heat or cold. These may be supported with ease, or with difficulty; according to the particular texture of their bodies, or the constitution of their atmosphere. In short, if these worlds have their annual revolutions about the same common center, their moons, their atmospheres, and their light, in the same manner as we are possessed

Or chilling freezes in his noon-day blaze.

Each in the separate sphere maintains its place ; 960

Each keeps its rank in the progressive scale ;

To each, impartial Thought assigns its bound :

And Wisdom plucking from the tree of life

A bough that breathes ambrosia, balm, and myrrh ;

Bathes the rich fruitage in the Stygian wave 965

That foils its bloom : then o'er her work extends

The dropping branch, and says, " O World, be here

" Thy share of good and ill ! " Such from the birth

Of Time th' Almighty spoke his great decree.

WOULD'ST Thou then, for thy fingle good dissolve 970

Th' unbounded harmony of all ? Do'st Thou

Repine that Heav'n regardless of thy call

Ordains not earth an Eden, nor exalts

The Man to Angel ? O th' insatiate grasp

Of human hope ! A copious shower extends 975

The swelling river o'er its bed ; the sea,

I 2

Big

possessed of them ; is it not pride, and not reason which leads us to think, that they differ from us in the only circumstance for which advantages of this kind can be conferred by Wisdom, *i. e.* for the benefit of inhabitants ?

Big with the rushing tides might burst its mound :
The creeping rill from deeper urns supplied,
May rise an Ocean. But the pride of man
Extends to infinite. With all around 980
Displeased, on Fancy's neck he drops the rein.
She loose and kindling whirls him on her wing.
He mounts the vault of stars ! he grasps the bolt
Of Heaven's Eternal ! on empyreal air
He fails ! she leaves him : down the Pygmy falls, 985
A worm of earth, and crawls along the ground,
Giddy : the sport of reptiles, and their prey !

KNOW then whate'er in Nature's ample field
The scanty ken of thy revolving eye
Hath mark'd as Evil ; in the general plan 990
Is just, is beauteous : the conjoining parts,
Though each when separate, like a single limb
In some proportion'd shape, appears deform'd,
As viewed apart ; yet when exactly wrought
In the full work, an heightned grace assumes, 995
And aids the perfect symmetry of all.

YET

YET not o'er Nature spread the general traits
Of imperfection. On some happier climes,
The hand of Heav'n hath shower'd its richest spoils,
Profuse of bounty. Though the juicy grape 1000
Tempt not the lip of Luxury, the pine
Feels not the scorching Sun, nor on the bough
Hangs clothed in mantling gold, and ripe to taste,
The mellow Orange: yet their plains can boast
A nobler produce. In yon blissful isle, 1005
Gay plenty reigns! Ascending as he spoke
From the blue deep, to my transported gaze
Rose the white cliffs of Albion. Hail beloved
Of Heav'n! (with joy exclaim'd th' enraptur'd Sire)
Britannia hail! O! from the world disjoin'd, 1010
As Nature's hand had form'd the soft retreat
Of happiness and love! No fevering sun
Blasts thy gay meads: no deep Volcano boils
With inward fire: nor thro' the cave beneath,
Walks the dire Earthquake. The tremendous shock, 1015
That

Line 1015, &c. *The tremendous shock just vibrates, &c.*] This alludes to the Earthquakes in 1757, which did so much harm on the continent; and were slightly felt in some parts of Britain.

That from their loose base heaves the works of man,
Just vibrates on thy bosom ; as the voice
Of distant thunder, moves the trembling ground,
And murmurs in the air. Thy fields rejoice
With chearful plenty. On yon waving plain, 1020
I see the Goddess walk ! her loosened robe
Floats on the gale redundant ; on her cheek,
In full luxuriance swells the blushing Spring ;
And scents her breath with myrrh. Mark how she rears
Her horn aloft, and liberal, o'er the field 1025
Pours all her treasures. Man's enlivened soul,
And all the groves are transport. Hark the voice
Of Music warbles from the bough ! The hind
Feels his heart leaping as he looks around ;
And Joy's bright beam bursts boundless o'er his mind. 1030

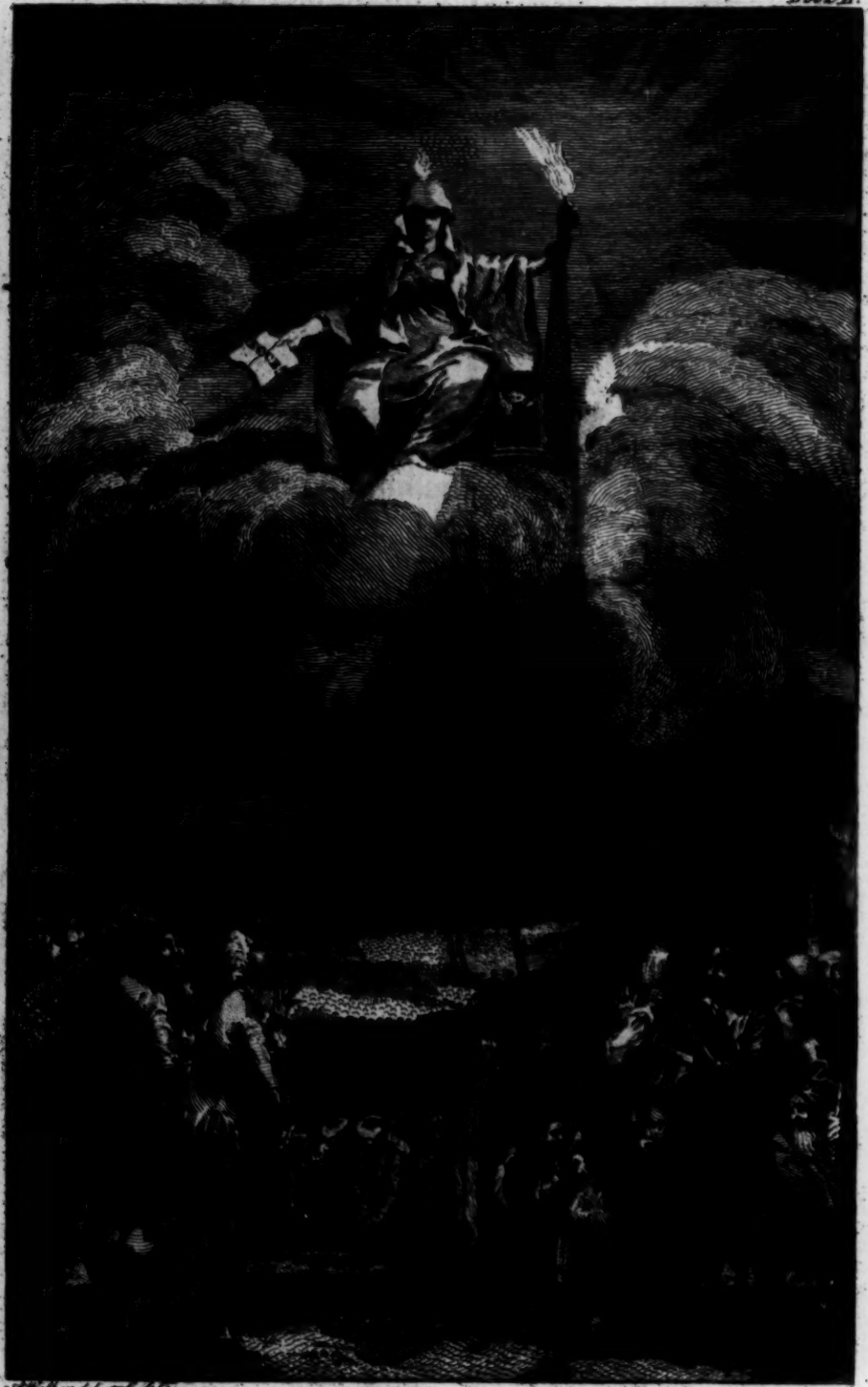
THESE are the blessings Heavn's all-bounteous hand
Showers on her favourite isle. Thrice happy they,
Who know their worth, and kindling at the view,
With Love, with gratitude adore the Power,
Who shaped this wondrous frame, and wrought its parts 1035
To

To such perfection. Nor less beauteous form'd
His moral plan. But this to trace at large,
Requires a fitter season: the flow sun
Already sinks behind yon crimson'd cloud,
And gives the world to night, Quick as he said,
The landskip languish'd: from the gazing eye,
Lawns, villas, vines, and visionary vales
Immediate fled; and nought remain'd around,
But the bleak mountain, and the peaceful dale.

1040

The End of the FIRST BOOK.





Walter del' ugnolo

THE ARGUMENT
PROVIDENCE,

A

P O E M.

B O O K II.

K

The ARGUMENT.

Introduction, ver. 1, to 16. Scene of the book, to 31. State of the world before Christianity was introduced, as history represents it, to 60. The Deity did not refuse the aid of Revelation to the heathen world on account of any vices peculiar to them, to 77. Defects of their religious system and superior advantages of the Christian, to 86. Character of the time when Christianity was introduced, to 98. Difficulty of accounting for the conduct of Providence in this matter, to 120. Conclusion from these observations, that reason alone might have discovered the doctrines of revealed religion, to 136. Appearance, and discourse of Contemplation, to 146. First Allegory. Description of Arcadia in its happiest age, to 215. Appearance of Temptation, to 235. The inhabitants misled by her, to 264. Conclusion from this allegory, that if Reason was unable to discover the palpable artifice of Temptation, it can much less be supposed equal to more important researches, to 300. Objection that this people wanted the aid of Science and Experience, to 321. Second allegory. Description of Ægypt, to 371. Inundation of the Nile, to 409. The inhabitants imploring the aid of Apis, to 421. Remarks on the learning of the Ægyptians, who did not want the aid of Science and Experience, and yet their theology contained the grossest absurdities, to 486. Answer, That Science only dawned in Ægypt, and that their minds were not improved by the fine arts, to 528. Third allegory. Athens described at the time of the expedition to Sicily, to 588. Instance of Athenian superstition, to 632. Learning, elegance, and fine taste of the Athenians, to 671. Gross absurdities of the Greek mythology, to 707. The fine arts employed to promote the purposes of superstition, to 740. Conclusion from the whole, That the human mind in every state, either of innocence, of knowledge, or of the highest possible improvement, is unable to form any consistent scheme of theology, to 774. Question resumed, Why Christianity was introduced so late? to 810. Answer, That if it had been granted sooner, man would have arrogated its discoveries to himself, to 823. Unreasonableness of wishing that man had been created more perfect than he is, to 838. Reason personified, and supposed to review the whole process, to 884. His reflections, to 911. Necessity of Revelation, to 919. Reason why it is not universal, to 949. Conclusion.

PROVIDENCE,

A

P O E M.

BOOK II.

REVEALED RELIGION.

YET let the muse extend her towering wing,
To roam the vast of Nature! Lo! what scenes,
By man yet unexplored, unfold to rouse
Her search! to tremble in her ardent eye!
To tempt her flight sublime, as o'er the world 5
She soars, and from her airy height surveys
The fate of empire; and the shifting schemes

K 2

Of

Line 6, 7. *From her airy height surveys the fate of empire.*] In the controversy
about the necessity and usefulness of Revelation, which has employed so many
pens,

Of human thought, successive as they swim,
 Buoying, or lost in Time's o'erwhelming wave.

Not idly-curious her light glance pervades 10
 The plans of Wisdom; with no stranger's eye
 She comes to *wonder* on the solemn scenes:
 Or prying search for labyrinths, where the field
 Is open, rich, accessible. — But free,
 Impartial, just, she scans the mighty themes; 15
 And paints them genuine as they rose to view.

pens, the only question which requires to be answered in canvassing the subject of Providence; relates to the time at which it was conferred on mankind. The advocates of infidelity demand with some appearance of reason, why a dispensation so *highly important*, and *so indispensably necessary* to the benefit of man, should have been postponed to the distance of four thousand years from the creation; and for what reason Christianity, which became an *useful* institution immediately upon the Fall, yet does not appear to have been considered by the Deity as *necessary*, till the reign of Tiberius. Without examining particularly the state of the Jewish nation which might tend to illustrate this difficulty; the author endeavours to prove in this book, that *one great end* for which Providence permitted this delay to take place, was, that man might be convinced by repeated experiments of the *insufficiency* of *reason* to discover *any consistent theological system*; and consequently of the *expediency* and *necessity* of Revelation. In order to this, successive views of the state of the world are exhibited, in the first ages of simplicity; under the future rudiments of culture; and at last in the happier æra of its highest improvement; and the enquiry still proceeds, whether the human mind at any of these periods, was able to discover a *rational system of religion*: and how far its improvement in this respect corresponded to its progress in the invention of Arts, or in the researches of Science. The consequence resulting from this enquiry is at last fairly deduced: and it appears with that force which every series of reasoning acquires, when it either proceeds upon *principles* which are *evidently just*, or consists of *facts* which are *universally obvious*.

'T WAS

'TWAS where a plain far from the haunt of man,
Spread its green bosom to the evening ray,
All soft and sweetly silent ; my flow step
Had led me wandering wide : the stream of thought 20
In that calm hour to meditation due,
Flow'd on the soul spontaneous ; as the breeze
On the smooth current of some limpid rill
Steals o'er the ruffled wave. A dusky wood
O'erlook'd the field, and full in site opposed, 25
A range of hills frown'd o'er the checquer'd scene,
Crown'd with gay verdure ; whence the list'ning ear
Thrill'd to the music of the tuneful choirs
That stream'd sweet-warbling o'er the vale ; or heard
Remote the deep's low murmur, like the voice 30
Of torrents from afar. Here all retired,
Musing I sat, and in thy mirror view'd
Fair History, beheld the towering piles
Of grandeur fallen, or call'd the forms august
Of heroes from the tomb. The mighty chiefs, 35
I saw them bustling o'er the human scene,
'Till

'Till Fate had digg'd the sepulchres, and toll'd
 The bell that summon'd them to rest. What boon,
 The prize of virtue paid them ! did thy worth
 Intrepid Decius, from the Samnite steel, 40
 Screen the devoted heart ? Did Scipio quell
 The tide of passion, and release the fair,
 Blooming and spotless, to her lover's arms ;
 Or snatch from Hannibal's proud crest the wreath
 Of victory ; to find the sons of Rome 45
 Just to his deeds ? Ah no !—Amid the gloom
 Of solitude he pined ; scarce from the grasp
 Of fury rescued, indignation swell'd
 His manly heart, and grief slow-mining loosed
 The props of life, and gave him to the tomb. 50

Line 41, 2. *Did Scipio quell the tide of passion, &c.*] This beautiful story is well known. History has not preserved the name of the lady. Her lover was Allucius, a prince of Celtiberia. The generous Roman, by voluntarily surrendering her to the arms of another, and by bestowing her ransom upon him for a portion ; obtained a victory as much superior to his other conquests, as the triumph of reason over the passions, exceeds the acquisition of territory by which the latter are indulged.

Line 46, 7. *Amid the gloom of solitude he pined, &c.*] This great man, by far the most eminent whom Rome produced in the most virtuous ages of the Republic ; prosecuted by two despicable tribunes at the instigation of Cato the Cenfor, was compelled to retire to his country seat at Linternum near Naples ; where, in the forty-eighth year of his age, he died of grief for the ingratitude of his country.

SUCH

SUCH Tully was thy fate, and Brutus, thine !
 The ghastly head low-rolling in the dust ;
 The tongue to satiate female frenzy torn ;
 The bleeding heart yet reeking, spoke the end
 Of Eloquence and Virtue. Scarce a tear 55
 Embalm'd their urns, triumphant Vice beheld
 With smiles their exit ; and Oppression raised
 Her scourge to punish, where the feeling heart
 Swell'd in soft moisture to the pitying eye.

O ! Wreck'd, and dubious of *a life to come* ! 60
 What trophies graced the present ! Heav'n withheld
 From these *superior light*, left in the maze
 Of Doubt to wander, by the twilight ray
 Of glimmering Nature led : while toil and pain,
 Mark'd their long course with woe ; and Death's pale eye 65

Line 51. *Such Tully, &c.*] It would be needless to take particular notice of the deaths of Cicero and Brutus. The head of the former was received with smiles and exaltation by Anthony ; whose wife Fulvia satiated her fury by tearing out the tongue, and by piercing it with a bodkin. The exit of Brutus excited the same illiberal triumph in the soul of Octavianus, the most vindictive and cruel of the triumvirs.

Line 60. *O ! Wreck'd, and dubious, &c.*] See this subject more fully treated in the note on line 894.

Terrific

Terrific frown'd them into nought. Did these
 Than we more guilty, by superior crimes
 Insult th' Omnipotent, that Truth's fair form
 Unveil'd to us, was from the dark research
 Of cool Philosophy in shades immured? 70
 Whence then the palm by every voice conferr'd?
 Whence the sweet lay that wantons in their praise?
 Why o'er soft Pity's pallid cheek descends
 The tear that weeps their doom, that says they lived
 A virtuous few! that mourns them as they fell, 75
 The victims of ingratitude, or zeal
 For public honour? yet the beam of heav'n
 Illumed not Reason's path, nor led the mind
 To see the Maker in his work pourtray'd
 One, perfect, infinite, nor show'd the climes 80
 Of

Line 79, 80. *To see the Maker, &c.*] The Polytheism of the Heathens, and the actions which they ascribe to the supreme Being, have always been considered as evidences of the insufficiency of human reason to discover what relates to the Deity. We ought not indeed to believe that the fables of the poets, by which the majesty and perfections of God are so much debased, were received as truths by the philosophical sects; but we ought to remember, at the same time, that the opinions of a few speculative philosophers whose minds were cultivated and expanded by science, are no proper criterions by which we are to judge of the perfection to which human nature is capable of arriving. The standard of our ideas on this subject, must be the received opinions of this matter which prevailed universally in the world; and these were big with absurdity,

Of pure ethereal pleasure, for the blest
 Prepar'd, nor to th' enlighten'd view display'd
 'The form of moral Beauty, as it swells
 In full proportion to the mental gaze,
 Wrought by celestial aid. To these its charms
 Appear'd not. Heav'n on their degenerate sons
 Conferr'd its noblest boon, when from the gulph
 Of surgy Chaos, where the goddess lay
 Wrapt in black clouds; He bad eternal Truth
 Rise to the day!—She heard, and to his call
 Obedient rose! Her beauty-beaming eye,

85

90

absurdity, superstition, and folly. Even the philosophers themselves on many occasions give a sanction to the prepossessions of the vulgar; and assisted as they were in their researches by *Revelation*, appear to be sensible of the *deficiency of nature*. Thus Plato in his discourse on the immortality of the soul, and on the attributes of the Deity, expresseth his desire to obtain some tradition; and narrates a few of those which had been brought down to him. In the former he proposeth to collect the best arguments he can think of to prove the immortality of the soul:—*εἰ μὴ τις δύνασθ' ἀσφαλεστέρον, καὶ ἀκινδυνότερον, ἐπὶ βέλτιστον ὀχημάτων ἢ λόγον θεϊοῦ τινος διαπορευθῆναι*, Phæd. In his Philebus he expressly acknowledgeth, that his doctrine of one God and many natures, was taken from the ancients who were better than their successors; and on that account *εγγύτερες θεῶν οἰκιστὲς*, i. e. lived nearer the Gods, or were better acquainted with their councils. What an imperfect account of the divine nature does this philosopher exhibit in his Symposium, where (probably from some imperfect tradition he had received relating to a Mediator) he says, that there are Demons of a middle order, who make the gods and men reciprocally acquainted with affairs relating to either; as if the omniscience of the Deity did not render such an expedient utterly useless and improper. This, however it must be owned, is very different from those noble and exalted ideas of God which he exhibits on other occasions; and which are agreeable to the descriptions given of Him in the writings of inspiration. See his *Politic. a fin.*

Fair as thy ray Aurora, when it scares
 The growling lion from his prey ; dispell'd
 The' involving shade, her magic touch dissolv'd
 The veil of Error ; lighten'd the dim search
 Of dark Philosophy ; and shew'd the MIND,
 That form'd, supports, and guides this mighty frame.

95

'Twas all mysterious : and weak Reason fought
 In vain the cause, why wrapt from mortal view,
 The glorious ages, famed for noble deeds ;
 For public virtue fam'd ; mark'd not the Power
 That beam'd benignant on a meaner train,
 Thy race proud Luxury ! why thus the hand
 Of Bounty partial in its gifts, bestows
On One, the god-like boon requir'd *by All* ;
To All alike expedient.—From this scene,
 To higher objects rais'd ; the musing mind
 Revolved in melancholy thought, the rise,
 The fall of empire. Persia's domes sublime,
 Thy piles proud Ægypt, and Assyria's towers
 Rais'd in high triumph o'er the waste of Time :

100

105

110

Where

Where are they ?—Hark ! in Fancy's starting ear,
 (What time the wan Ghost roams his nightly round :)
 Slow from the broken arch, resounds the voice
 Of shrieking ravens thro' the cheerless wild.

115

So fall thy plans Ambition ! And the race
 Who form'd them, thro' long-lingering ages left
 In Ignorance and Darknefs ; to the vale
 Of deep Oblivion sunk, nor hoped a dawn.

“ Thus then (long musing ask'd th' indignant mind) 120
 “ Thus is bright Reason's heav'n-illumin'd ray,
 “ That spark of Deity debas'd ? Did HE,
 “ Who gave the nobler boon, that lifts the man
 “ To kindred angels near ;---Did he confer
 “ A scanty share, unequal to the task
 “ Assign'd ; then left him wandering in the dark
 “ Of Nature ?---No. The Power *by culture* form'd,
 “ Knew its great Parent ; traced th' ascending scale
 “ Of things progressive to their mighty Cause ;

125

" Beheld the Maker as he sits sublime 130
 " High on his starry throne; and knew the soul
 " Immortal as its cause. Then had not man,
 " Left to Himself, unveil'd the sacred Truths
 " Reveal'd, nor sought a Guide to point his way?"

As thus I spoke, lo thro' the still retreat 135
 Slow moved the radiant pair!---The sky-rapt Power
 Of Contemplation eyed me, and began.

STILL hopest Thou restless, of th' Eternal's ways
 To judge; still seek'st to fathom the immense
 Of Wisdom?---Far as Reason's ruling hand 140
 Permits Conjecture's groping search to stray;
 I blame not, but will aid thee. Where thou leavest
 His path, to rove in Doubt's perplexing maze;

Line 130, 1. *Beheld the Maker, &c.*] That the Heathens formed the most sublime ideas of the power and immensity of the Creator, when they considered him separately from the inferior Deities; is a truth which will be sufficiently obvious to any person who peruseth the works of their poets, particularly the *Iliad*.

Line 132, 3. *Knew the soul immortal, &c.*] Though we shall show afterwards that the wisest Heathens were far from being *certain* of this truth; yet it hath been often and justly observed, that the belief of future Existence forms a part of the creed of all nations; the most ignorant and barbarous, as well as the most intelligent and civilized.

My

My care extends not.---Now exalt thy fight ;
And mark the smiling scene that bursts to view.

145

GRACEFUL He said :---when lo th' attending Power
Struck with her magic rod the swelling lawn,
And work'd a new Creation ! The low plain
Strech'd to a field immense, where sportive walk'd
The fair-robed Summer.--O'er her glowing form
Harmonious, flow'd the flower-embroider'd vest,
Girt with a mantling zone ;--her lucid eye
Beam'd sweetly-radiant ; and her cheek outvied
The cherry's deepening bloom. Soft on her lips
Sat all the laughing Loves ; and in her hair,
Spread o'er the throbbing bosom, half-disclosed,
And swelling to the breeze ; the Graces play'd
Luxuriant.---Round, the bleating flocks were ranged,
A harmless train, that crop'd the flowery turf,
Or quaff'd the silver rill. In frolic sport,
All-light they wanton'd ; for no mound restrain'd
Their airy pastime ; and the savage tribe

150

155

160

Sought

Sought not their peaceful cot.----A distant lake,
 That swell'd it's blue wave from the thymy hills,
 Gleam'd thro' the loosened grove. As yet the birds, 165
 Whose wings expanded veil'd the noon-day Sun,
 Stain'd not it's tide. Not far the simple hut,
 Sweet haunt of Innocence and Peace! o'erlaid
 With slender osiers, and the flexile shrub,
 Checquer'd the rural landskip. O'er the field 170
 Roved the young Shepherds, smiling in the prime
 Of Life, and near were seen the spotless Fair
 Crown'd with the herbage of the broider'd mead,
 That shower'd it's spoils around them. Beauty beam'd
 In every look, and on each cheek, the bloom 175
 Of rosy youth, delightful as it glow'd;
 With soft enchantment stole th' enraptured eye.

RAPT in sweet transport as I mark'd the scene

Line 163, 4. *A distant lake, &c.*] The lake Stymphalis in Arcadia, where this scene is supposed to lye; which was contiguous to the city, and to the hills of that name.

Line 165, &c. *As yet the birds.*] The Stymphalian birds who haunted this lake, and infested the country, are well known; as it was one of the labours of Hercules thoroughly to subdue them. The fertility of Arcadia, and the simple manners of its first inhabitants, render it *peculiarly proper* to the end for which this description is introduced.

All

All balmy-breathing :---Hail ye happy feats
(I thus exclaim'd) ye gentle tribes, that taste 180
The cup of Pleasure, by the baleful seeds
Of Care untainted ! may no Syren charm
Your step from Nature's open court, to stray
Amid' the wilds of Passion ! may you walk,
Thus blest, thus harmless, till superior Powers 185
Once more descending to th' abodes of man,
Mark a new Eden, and transported join
To mortal strains the high seraphic lay !

THUS from the feeling heart with joy inspired,
The stream of rapture flow'd.---The Power of thought 190
Smiled with consenting mein. Blest is the man
Who hears the voice of Nature ; who retired
From bustling life, can feel the gladdening beam,
The hope that breathes of Paradise. Thy deeds,
Sweet Peace, are music to th' exulting mind : 195
Thy prayer, like incense wafted on the gale
Of morning, spreads ambrosia, as the cloud
Of spicy sweets perfumes the whispering breeze

That

That scents Arabia's wild.---Yon rural train,
 In careless indolence reclined ; the field, 200
 Gay with the hues of Summer ; the loose herds
 That roam the pasture, and diffused o'er all,
 The smile of Innocence, the guileless blush
 Of simple Nature ;---let these scenes recall
 The prime of days, when in it's vernal bloom, 205
 Earth robed in verdure, from the Maker's hand
 Came warm and genial ; and her peaceful sons
 Knew not the lore of Luxury.---Serene
 Thou seest them ; various in the rural task
 Employ'd ; or sporting o'er the lillied lawn ; 210
 Or stretch'd at ease beneath the mantling bough,
 Hymning beneath the great Creator. Happy tribe !
 But *perfect Happiness* to man's frail race
 Pertains not.---Drink instruction, and be wise.

He spoke ;--and sudden as I gazed around, 215
 Bright in the glittering East a form appear'd

Line 216. *Bright in the glittering East, &c.*] The reader will observe, that this allegorical Personage is said to come from *the East*; as it was from that part of the world, alternately conquered by the Greeks and the Romans, that the *Luxury* and *Effeminacy* which finally ruined both these nations, was originally derived.

Divinely-

Divinely-beauteous, whose rich plumage gleam'd

Gay to the dazzling sun : beyond the race

Of Mortals fair, beyond the human size

Raised, with superior dignity she trod ;

220

And seem'd a Goddess from celestial climes

To man descending, that her lenient hand

Might point the path to Happiness. Her head

A crown encircled ; o'er her limbs a robe

Floated in easy majesty ; a star

225

Beam'd from her brow ; and on her arm she bore

A polish'd mirror, where the forms of things

Reflected, with transcendent lustre flamed.

Age in the glass beheld it's wrinkled front

Smooth as the cheek of Hebe. Beauty shone

230

With angel-radiance ; and Deformity,

(Had shrunk Deformity been there) had vied

With Helen struggling in the arms of love

Sweetly reluctant. Such the Goddess shone.

Nor long she trod the plain, when gathering round, 235

The rural tribe yet innocent, beheld

M

Her

Her form with wonder ; eyed her purple plumes,
Her crown, her stature, and her magic glass,
Curious, amazed, delighted.---But when near
She held the mirror up, and show'd the face 240
'That glow'd celestial, soft as Fancy paints
Bright Venus orient from the silver wave ;
The throng obsequious to the powerful charm
Pursued her step, nor knew that all the scene
Was false and hollow ; nor behind the veil 245
Discern'd Temptation ; till she led them on,
Where robed in vivid green, a meadow spread
It's velvet mantle to the sun. All-wild
They rush'd along, till in the secret snares
Spread o'er the smiling lawn, their slippery feet 250
Beset, the Fiend secured them as her prey.

Lost then at once were all the native charms
Of tender Innocence ; the heart no more
Whisper'd its dictates to the simple tongue :
But smooth Deceit, familiar in the robe 255
Of Virtue, then first taught the gentle smile

To

To veil the rankling thought. Caught in the net
 Of Vice, debilitating Sloth unnerved
 Each manly effort ; and Corruption, fure
 As some dark Miner, sapp'd the mounds of Truth ; 269
 And gave the throng to wanton o'er the mead
 Enlarged, and screen'd from sight the powerful chains
 Unfelt, that held them in the Tyrant's power.

Now mark (thus serious spoke the hoary fire)
 How vain the boast of Reason, that presumes 265
 Its powers adequate to disclose the truths
 Revealed by Wisdom.---To themselves thou saw'st
 Yon tribes abandon'd, free to chase their path
 On Nature's common, as the judging mind
 Approved or censured from impartial view. 270
 Whence then by Passion's lawless arm subdued,
 Thus unresisting fall they ? Why repress'd
 Before Temptation's guileful glance, subside

Line 272, 3. *Why repress'd, &c.*] The reader will observe, that though there is some allegorical description blended with this story ; yet the principal fact is strictly true. The Arcadians were early invited to pastoral life by the richness and fertility of their pasturage ; they became afterwards a martial and intrepid people, as Herodotus particularly attests, *Hist. lib. i.* and they were at last enervated by the Luxury which spread universally among their countrymen.

The voice of Reason ? His deep-searching eye
 Had seen the fraud of yon deceitful glafs, 275
 Had warn'd the throng to shun th' insidious snare ;
 Had kept them innocent, did'st Thou describe
 His sphere with truth.---But how this leading Guide
 Shields the firm thought from Pleasure's gilded lure,
 Thou seest ; unequal to the task, he shrinks 280
 Back from the field, or yeilding, takes the side
 Of Passion, or faint-whispering, if his voice
 Dissuades from peril ; yet it's sound unheard,
 Amid the tumult of the madning mind
 Neglected dies ; as when the thunder roars ; 285

Line 281, 2. *Yielding takes the side of Passion.*] This unequal poise of Reason and the Passions, is a truth which will stand in need of no proof to any person who is attentive to the operations of his own mind. The account which Cicero gives of this matter from his own experience, will be confirmed by universal testimony. Speaking of the errors which are imbibed in youth, he subjoins : Cum vero accedit eodem quasi maximus quidam magister Populus, atque omnis undique ad vitia consentiens multitudo, tum *plane inficimur opinionum pravitate, a Naturaque desciscimus* ;---& optimus quisque *veram illam gloriam* expetens, quam unam Natura maxime inquirat, in *summa inanitate* versatur : conspectaturque nullam eminentem effigiem virtutis, sed adumbratam imaginem gloriæ. *Tusc. Quæst. lib. iii.* How this description of Human Nature agrees with what he says afterwards of the wise Man keeping his mind in a perfect and uninterrupted equilibrium ; I cannot so readily discover. This admired Ancient has probably been led into trains of sentiment apparently opposite, by neglecting on some occasions to consider, that whatever difference we may observe in the characters and actions of men ; yet the radical and discriminating Qualities of the Human mind, are characteristic in some measure of every Individual ; and a man with his passions and reason in constant equilibrium, would be an object as extraordinary as the Arabian Phoenix.

The

The gentle murmur of the purling rill
Strikes not retentive on the thrilling ear.

SINCE then unfit from smooth Temptation's smile
To save it's Votaries, in the trying hour
Decoy'd by Pleasure ; since his feeble glance 290
Discerns not Vice behind the mantling veil
Of borrowed charms ; or dimly seen, his voice
Detains not from the chace :--Is Reason then
Thus weak, to nobler work adequate, bold 295
To search th' Eternal in his work, or known
In Truth's strait path to guide the restless mind ;
When sway'd by Fancy in his choice, or duped
By Passion in his pursuit ? --Let thy thought
Weigh the full proof, and pondering judge the whole.

HE ceased ;—and by superior Power o'erawed 300
I stood, and pausing, thus at last replied.

“ GREAT Power, whose sight can pierce the deepening cloud
“ That wraps the thought of Wisdom ; at thy feet
“ Behold the Child of Earth, prompt to declare
“ What-

" Whate'er weak Reason whispers to excuse 305
 " His kindred worms, frail as the vernal flower
 " Cropt by the hand of Time, and form'd to dye.

" SAY then, when man from Virtue's sacred path
 " First verged to Folly's devious road, inticed
 " By strong Temptations, by the thrilling strain 310
 " Of Pleasure syren-tongued,--say, had the beam
 " Of Knowledge then unmask'd the front of Vice,
 " And show'd her haggard shape? Had then the hand
 " Of grey Experience chalk'd the upland path,
 " On which flow Judgment with retorted eye 315
 " Oft stands, and looks behind? Or were the train
 " Void of the Guardians whose protection screens
 " The haunt of Innocence from ill, exposed
 " To every Fiend, whose subtle voice deludes
 " Th' unwary wanderer to his secret snare?" 320

WONDERING I stopp'd; for to my prompt excuse
 The Sire rejoin'd not; but the magic wand
 Of Fancy waving, rais'd a brighter scene.

HIGH o'er broad lawns with broidered vesture gay,
Where Nature's liberal hand had shower'd profuse 325
Her richest treasures, and the young-eyed Spring
Walk'd in loose luxury ; we mark'd sublime,
A spacious Theatre, whose round inclosed
Proud Fanes, the boast of Science ; Obelisks
That touch'd the blue horizon ; towering domes 330
Piled in rude grandeur ; and the dizzy height
Of sky-topt pyramids, whose steepy spires
O'erlook'd a waste of Empire. 'Twas in all,
A mighty City ; round whose ample skirts
A circling terrass ran, broad, firm, and strong, 335
To stand the dash of torrents. From the brow
Of a steep hill, we view'd the scattering throngs
That roam'd at large. Some from the terrass' height
Breathed the cool breeze, whose lily-scented wing
Perfumed the ambient air : Some o'er the mead 340
Wanton'd in easy indolence, and cull'd
The spoils of Summer ; while a Few retired
Sat on a Tower's proud top, emboss'd around
With mystic Figures ; and in thought elate,

Mark'd

Mark'd the declining sun ; described the course 345
 Of planetary orbs ; and when the ray
 Of thy Aurora tinged the glowing east,
 Eyed the first beam that gilds the morning star,
 And view'd it's course along the brightning skies.

Not far, a River o'er its pebbled bed 350
 Roll'd a majestic stream ; along it's bank,
 Bloom'd the fair herbage of the mantling lawn,
 Whose living hues illumed th' unbounded scenes
 With rich variety : spontaneous glow'd
 In gay assemblage, all that binds the locks 355
 Of Spring, when blushing, from her primrose couch
 She starts ; or floating wide, and circling, forms
 The Summer's radiant mantle, loosely gay.

CHARM'D as I look'd, bewilder'd Thought survey'd
 This scene of wonders bursting on it's view, 360

Line 348. *Eyed the first beam, &c.*] By the morning star here is not meant the Planet Venus, which usually goes under that name ; but the Dog-star ; from whose appearance, when it first rose above the horizon, the Ægyptian philosophers estimated the plenty or barrenness of the succeeding season.

Perplex'd ;

Perplex'd ; nor knew to clear th' entangling maze.
 Chief on the Figures dwelt my dubious search
 In deep suspense, and scann'd their mystic shapes ;
 Their parts incongruous, where the wither'd hand
 Of bent Deformity had cast the moulds, 365
 And wildly freak'd with Beauty. Strow'd o'er all,
 These Forms unseemly roused th' enquiring mind ;
 And couch'd some truth mysterious. The short glance
 Of mist-eyed Reason darken'd as it view'd :
 Nor Fancy's lightning-beam could pierce the veil. 370

Line 362, &c. *Chief on the Figures, &c.*] The Ægyptians, who applied themselves early to the study of Philosophy, invented this method of communicating knowledge, probably as being best adapted to the selfish purpose of confining it to a Few. It was impossible when the God Mythras was represented by the Ægyptians and Persians, sometimes with the head of a lion and the body of a man ; sometimes with a serpent twined about him ; sometimes with a flaming torch ; and at others, in the habit of an High-Priest :—that the vulgar of these nations should comprehend the doctrines which were veiled in this manner ; and were conveyed *so darkly* to the mind, that the research of Science is bewildered in attempting to account for them. See *Univ. Hist.* Vol. I. p. 507. *Galil. Court of the Gent.* Vol. I. *Le Pluche Hist. du Ciel Pass.* In succeeding ages, when principles began to be established, and regular systems to be deduced from them ; this method of propagating Science became vague, uncertain, and unintelligible to the bulk of mankind, from the multitude of objects which were to be illustrated. The Ægyptian learning therefore, which was at first conveyed by hieroglyphical symbols, was then partly preserved in the ancient manner, by being inscribed on pillars erected for that purpose ; and was partly committed to writing, and consigned to the custody of the Priests. Pythagoras at last became acquainted with this hieroglyphical learning, and transplanted it into Greece. See *Strab.* lib. xvii. and *Diogen. Laert. de vit. Pythag.*

WHILE thus wild pastime o'er th' inviting scenes
Amusive roam'd ;—lo from his secret cell,
Uprose the River-Genius ! In his hand
A trident waved, and o'er his form sublime,
Floated the mantling azure. On a car 375
Of pearl, inlaid with shells whose polish shone
Resplendent to the sun ; led by the train
Of sporting Naiads, sat the god-like Power ;
His blue locks waving to the fluttering breeze
That wanton'd as he came. Gay Plenty near, 380
Shook her bright wings, and eyed the laughing mead
With smiles askance, and o'er the landskip held
Her horn redundant ; all the blushing year
With rich luxuriance blossom'd in her smile.

HE stood :—and sudden in the swelling tide 385
Plunged his broad trident. From its bottom turn'd,
The working current boil'd. Not long its bank
Repres'd the stream, but rising o'er the mound,
It swept, a deluge, o'er the shrinking lawns ;
And roll'd promiscuous on its wave, the spoils 390
That

That crown'd the smiling year. It's banks o'erspread,
 Full on the City pour'd the gushing stream,
 And shook its circling terrafs. Wide around
 It spread, and whelming wrapt the broad champain ;
 Far as the keen eye stretch'd its boundless view.

395

WITHIN, the voice of tumult and amaze
 Was heard discordant ; for the swarming throng
 Rush'd o'er the streets ; some from the shelter'd wall
 To see the copious tides, to mark the field
 Just shrinking from the sight ! or the rude rock,
 Half-lost, and half-projected o'er the waves ;
 O'erlook the mighty ruin ! Some intent,
 With eager hope explored the rising stream,

400

Line 393, 4. *Wide around it spread.*] In this description of the Nile overflowing, the author has considered his work as a poem, in which it is necessary to bring as many objects as possible into one view ; rather than as an historical detail in which the order of Nature is exactly followed. Thus the inundation of this river, and its consequences as far as these are connected with the present subject, are collected into one description ; though history informs us that this process goes forward very gradually. The overflowing of the Nile begins about the summer solstice, and the river through the three succeeding months continues to rise to the height of about sixteen cubits, when the canals are opened, and the waters are dispersed over Upper and Lower Ægypt. After that time it decreases as slowly, and leaves the country covered with slime, and fitted for the purposes of Agriculture. The reader may see this curious subject more particularly treated than we can do in this note, by *Herodot.* lib. ii. *Diod. Sicul.* lib. i. *Ammian. Marcell.* lib. xxii, &c. among the Ancients ; and by *Thevenot* and *Lucas*, among the modern Travellers.

And search'd it's depth : thence kindling Fancy view'd
The distant Autumn, saw the forward step 405
Of laughing Ceres, or aghast, beheld
Where pale-lip'd Famine, from her baleful wing
Shook livid poison on the blasted year.

Most sought the sacred Fane. The sacred Fane,
With open porch received the solemn throng 410
That call'd their God.---But starting with amaze ;
What sudden horror thrill'd the darting thought !
When for that God whose thunder rends the skies ;
Whose glance is lightning, and whose arm sublime
Controuls the vast of Nature : when for Him 415
Unknown ;--the Brute stood bellowing !--In the Fane,
Superb of structure, lodg'd the lordly Bull ;
And stared, affrighted at the prostrate train
That bow'd before his shrine ! with awe-check'd hope
Approaching ! and with pious fervor warm, 420
Imploring aid !---Grim Superstition then
Obtain'd his noblest triumph ; and elate,
Chain'd Reason to his car.---Aghast I gazed

With

With silent wonder ; till Resentment loosed

The struggling thought, and gave the voice to flow. 425

“ Thus then absorb'd is Truth's meridian ray ?

“ Thus stoops th' Almighty's image to the shrine

“ Of groveling Instinct ? then how vain is man !

“ Whence then the judging Power by Heav'n bestow'd ?

“ Whence weak Philosophy thy boasted sway ? 430

“ Why hears the mind appall'd the bold reproach

“ Of Heav'n's Vicegerent ? Why the great command

“ That once conferr'd Dominion ?---Yet not *all*

“ Thus meanly bend ; thus from his glorious sphere,

“ Pull that internal sun, that lights the soul ; 435

“ And quench his radiant beam.---But say what men,

“ What sons of Night and Ignorance are these ?”

To this the Sire unmoved. Thou see'st display'd

The Land of Nile, the fair illumined clime,

Mother of Wisdom ! where Philosophy 440

First stretch'd his eagle-thought : whence the pale dawn

Of

Line 441, 2. *Whence the pale dawn of Science, &c.*] Though it is not wholly evident,

Of Science o'er th' enlightned nations shone.
 Lo where proud Memphis' mighty towers display'd,
 Stand in thy sight! The towering piles that strike
 Th' astonish'd gaze, by toiling ages rear'd, 445
 The tombs of Kings, inclose the putrid earth
 By worms now loathed. Yon high majestic dome
 In solemn grandeur rear'd, unfolds to view
 The Labyrinth. These Figures widely strowd,
 The mystic spells flung careless o'er the robe 450

evident, that the Greeks derived the first rudiments of learning from Ægypt, as Cadmus, who introduced letters, was a Phœnician; yet it is certain that their philosophical and mythological systems were originally founded upon the knowledge, which was acquired by the persons who travelled in that country. Thus Diogenes Laertius informs us, that Pythagoras while he resided in Ægypt, was made acquainted with that secret learning, which was concealed from the vulgar of their own country, and from the foreigners of others. He returned instructed in all the wisdom of Ægypt; and communicated the knowledge he had acquired, to his countrymen. We have reason to believe that the Greeks derived their skill in navigation from the Phœnicians, who were a maritime people, as Thales and some of their other Philosophers are said to have resided in that cultivated nation. — It is however probable that their astronomical learning came originally from Ægypt, rather than from Babylon; (notwithstanding the testimony of Herodotus to the contrary) as their Philosophers were much earlier acquainted with the former nation than with the latter; and it is certain that the Ægyptians applied at a very early period to Astronomy and Geometry; studies which they were in some measure necessitated to pursue by the peculiar circumstances of their country. By measuring the depths of the Nile, and by knowing the quantity of water which was necessary to fertilize the soil, they were probably led to acquire geometrical knowledge; and as the appearance of the Dog-star regulated this matter, it is reasonable to suppose, that their attention to this circumstance introduced astronomical researches. See *Diod. Sicul. lib. i.*

Line 444, 449. *The towering piles, &c. The labyrinth*] For a particular account of those wonderful structures, we refer the reader to *Herodot. lib. ii. c. 127, 148, &c. Ammian. Marcel. lib. xxiii. and Diod. ub. sup.*

Of

Of Thought, where Reason's deep discerning search
Can catch ideal shapes ; veil'd from the ken
Of vulgar hope, as yon pale western gleam
Behind the cloud's blue mantle. The fine form,
Fired by the sun's attenuating beam 455
That thrills the vivid nerve ; alive and keen,
Drinks purer spirits, and the kindling soul
Starts all to transport ; in the sparkling glass
Where Fancy looks, ten thousand beauteous shapes
Dance on the sight ; and Judgment's guiding hand 460
From these selects to clothe her kindred train,
Robed like the Spring, in all the loosen'd swim
Of sweeping Luxury.---Hence Learning shunn'd
The Vulgar's rude approach ; Philosophy
Walk'd with the Graces : the mysterious veil 465
Wrapt o'er her form, from the weak dazzled eye
Screen'd her diviner beauties.---Lo thy doubts

Line 458, 9. *In the sparkling glass, &c.*] This description of the Eastern people may be applied with particular propriety to the Ægyptians, among whom ænigmas, symbols, fables, and allegories, which are the offspring of imagination, were remarkably predominant. As a proof of this, in concurrence with other testimony ; we need only to adduce the practice of the Poets who travelled into that country, and formed their writings upon the model of that people. See the *Author's Essay on the Lyric Poet. of the An.* Let. i. p. 16, &c.

At

At once dispell'd ! Not these the simple train
 Of smiling Innocence, untaught to know
Temptation's lurking snare ; to shun the thorn 470
 O'erlaid with flowers. Not these have trod the gloom
Of Night and Ignorance : But the young beam
 Of dawning Science, o'er th' enlightned mind
 Hath shone all-radiant as the spangling star
 That gilds the Morn's fair crown. Bold Reason there 475
 Hath ranged his circuit ; and a glimmering ray
 From Revelation, trembling thro' the void,

Line 476, &c. *A glimmering ray from Revelation.*] Though there is no doubt some truth in this observation ; yet by the well-meant zeal of some writers who would deduce every mythological absurdity from the Bible ; it has given rise to so many extravagant Theories, that an impartial Reader who would examine this matter, finds himself bewildered in the Labyrinth of Conjecture. Some of these gentlemen (otherwise respectable for their learning) indulge the wildest flights of imagination, and collect the remotest points of similarity to support their hypotheses. These because they have found an ancient city of Cilicia, of the name of AΔANA, they will have this place to be built in honour of Adam ; and because Adam is called the Son of God, and Saturn the Son of Heaven, for this and some other proofs equally convincing, they would persuade us that Saturn was Adam. See *Voss. de Idol.* lib. i. The reader is no sooner inclined to wish that this might be supported by probable evidence, but a second tribe are introduced, who tell us, that Saturn was not Adam but Abraham. In the same spirit, a learned Author conjectures, that the Taautus (from whom Sanchoniatho is said to have borrowed many of his principles) was the same with Moses ;—and this for no reason, but because Moses and Sanchoniatho happen to agree in some tenets with regard to Physiology. The truth of this matter probably is, that the Jews and Ægyptians became reciprocally acquainted with the opinions of each other, at the time when the former were in a state of captivity ; and hence no doubt, arise some resemblances in their philosophical opinions, which are however so intermingled with fictitious circumstances on the part of the latter, that it is no easy thing to discover the latent truth which is screened behind so dark a veil.

Hath

Hath glanced on Truth. O'er all the circling skies,
 Gay Hope elate hath stretch'd her daring flight,
 And scann'd their worlds unnumber'd.---Yet are these 480
 Thus groveling to the Brute ! When o'er their fields,
 Rolls yon deep current to impregn the soil
 With fatning moisture : at the pompous shrine
 Of bellowing Apis ; yon pale prostrate throng
 Disgrace the name of wisdom, and of man. 485

LONG, deeply-pierced, th' astonish'd mind revolved
 This humbling scene ; deplored th' incongruous search
 Of baffled Reason, as its varying aims
 Alternate point to Wisdom, or decline
 To Folly. Yet the conscious shame that flush'd 490

Line 483, 4. *At the pompous shrine, &c.*] The Apis of the Ægyptians represented the God Osiris, whose soul was supposed to transmigrate into this animal. The funeral honours performed to this Deity, and the places through which the procession passed, gave occasion, as Diodorus Siculus insinuates, to the Fables of Cocytus, Lethe, Charon, &c. to which the poets are so highly indebted. The next in succession to Apis was a bull called Mnevis, and worshipped at Heliopolis. Ο δε εν Ηλιουπολει τρεφομενος ος ον Μνευν καλουσιν, μελας εστι, η δευσερας εχει τιμας μεσα την Απιν, *Plut. de Isid. & Osid.* Absurd however as this, and many other Ægyptian institutions may appear, it is yet certain that they retained just ideas of the Supreme Being. Of this truth the celebrated inscription on the temple at Sais, as it is preserved by Plutarch, affords a remarkable proof. *De Isid. & Osid.* The opinions of this kind which were entertained appear to have been confined to a few individuals, as the bulk of the people certainly run into the most absurd and ridiculous theology.

The glowing cheek, avail'd not to repress
 Presumption : still th' indignant thought supplied
 Some gloss to palliate, what the secret soul
 Yet shock'd and dubious labour'd to dissolve.

“ YET mighty Power (replied my faltering tongue ;) 495

“ Yet has my eye in these unfolding scenes

“ But mark'd the *morn* of Science. O'er the train,

“ That stoop thus humbly to the lordly shrine,

“ And bloat their brightest hope ; the finer Arts

“ Have ne'er diffused their radiance. The full form 500

“ Of Moral Excellence hath fail'd to wake

“ Th' enlightned mind ; nor on the mental ear,

“ Hath Music cherub-tongued, pour'd the strong tide

“ Of soul-dissolving Harmony ; nor roused

“ The voice of Eloquence ; nor tuned the lyre 505

Line 499, 500. *The finer Arts, &c.*] It does not appear that the Ægyptians made remarkable proficiency in any of the fine Arts, if we except Architecture. No master-piece of painting is mentioned by any of the Ancients as having been drawn in Ægypt, and Diodorus informs us, that the Sculptors of Greece were employed in that country, as better artists than the inhabitants themselves, *Diod. ub. sup.* Though we are indeed told, that some of the first Greek poets travelled into Ægypt ; yet their design in this probably was, not so much to cultivate their poetic vein, as to acquire philosophical knowledge. We ought always to remember that these writers were considered by their countrymen as Teachers and Philosophers.

“ That

" That strikes the heart, and from it's thrilling strings
 " Calls every gentler note. Philosophy,
 " Veil'd by mysterious symbols ;—to the Few
 " Hath loosed her mantling robe ; to these her hand
 " O'er heav'n's blue arch hath mark'd the worlds that roll 510
 " Harmonious, moving thro' the waste of air
 " Around some central orbit : or the course
 " Of the bright star that thro' the glimmering dawn,
 " Spangles the orient.—But conjoin'd to these ;
 " Where are the rules whose strict observance forms 515
 " The soul to Wisdom ? where the straitned path
 " That leads to Virtue ? where the moral plan,
 " Wrought by Reflection's steddied glance, that warms
 " Th' exulting wish to transport ? Yet are these,
 " These nobler truths that touch the heart of man ; 520
 " And stamp proportion on the draught of life ;
 " Bright Reason's genuine offspring. By his aid,
 " In beauteous symmetry beheld, their charms

Line 509, 10. *To these her hand, &c.*] The studies to which the Ægyptians applied most assiduously were Geometry, Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy. We have already mentioned the reason which led them to cultivate the two former. Those Arts will in general be most particularly improved in every society, which are adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the individuals who compose it. See the Note on p. 78. l. 441.

" Inchant the kindling thought, that feels the power
 " Of native Goodness, and with eager aim 525
 " Toils up the roughening steep, to gain the prize
 " By Virtue rais'd to point it to the goal."

NOR these (the Sire rejoin'd) nor ought besides
 Of intellectual search was then unknown.
 Yet Reason stray'd in darkness, when his aim 530
 Aspired to reach th' Almighty, as the step
 Of some bewilder'd traveller, that treads
 The lonely wild, beneath the moon's wan ray,
 That feebly trembles on some *shore untried* ;
 Or gilds a pathless waste. Yet if thy mind, 535
 Still sway'd by partial nature, shrinks to yield
 It's full assent ; attend a nobler scene ;
 And instant Truth shall flash upon the soul.

HE spoke :--the Goddess of the changeful eye
 Waved her transforming rod, and all around 540
 Was lost in mantling shade.---Ascending flow,

A

Line 541, &c. *Ascending flow, a barren prospect, &c.*] The country of At-
 tica

A barren prospect struck my wondering gaze,
 Bleak, desert, wild ; where the high-arching shade
 Of pendent rocks hung o'er the boundless deep
 That roar'd tumult'ous ; and the ridgy hills 545
 Stretch'd their wild spires to heav'n.—Yet soon the hand
 Of Culture waving o'er the roughned waste ;
 The Desert blossom'd, and the softned soil
 Bloom'd with the fruits of Ceres. To the fight
 Intensely-gazing ; in the column'd pride 550
 Of Architecture, when her noblest plan
 Receives the mould of Elegance ; —arose
 A spacious City. The majestic domes,
 Shaped by Proportion's nicest touch, inticed
 Th' enamour'd eye, that stray'd from scene to scene 555

tica exhibited an early proof of the advantages which result from application and industry. This little track of land, notwithstanding the encomiums which some of the natives bestow on it, (see particularly *Xenoph. de Vectigal. ab init.*) is naturally so rocky and barren, that the foreigners who over-run the other parts of Greece, permitted the inhabitants of Attica to live in peace, as not thinking their country worth the trouble of keeping. Yet the industry of the Athenians, assisted by the mildness of the climate, improved the soil to such a degree, that it not only was fitted to produce whatever fruits grew in any other country then known ; but we are told that all of these arrived quickly at perfection, and decayed very slowly. *Και μεν οσα περ οι θεοι αγαθα εν τοις υροις παρεχουσι, η ταυτα παντα ενταυθα προϊαιτατα μεν αρχεσαι, οφαιτατα δε ληγει, &c. Xenoph. ub. sup.* What this great author says afterwards of this country being situated in *the middle of the earth*, and of the temperature of the climate excelling all others, proceeds from that amiable partiality, of which every man is susceptible in favour of his country.

In sweet vicissitude; mark'd the proud Fane,
 All nobly simple; on whose pillar'd arch,
 Taste lean'd his arm reclin'd in graceful ease,
 And Sculpture plied his chissel: or survey'd
 The haunt of mild Philosophy; the bank 560
 O'erlaid with flowers, where the young Graces form'd
 Her aery train, and bright-eyed Beauty wove
 Her robe, that floated to the balmy gale.

NEXT the proud Forum caught th' attentive view,
 A mighty pile, where stood the god-like Power 565
 Of heav'n descended Eloquence!--His look
 Glanced rapid lightning, and his arm upheld
 The thunders madning bolt: erect he stood,
 Though veil'd from sight; and pour'd enlivening fire

Line 556, &c. *Mark'd the proud Fane, &c.*] That the Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, carried Architecture to its highest perfection, is a truth universally acknowledged. The invention of man has never yet been able to add a new order to those, which this ingenious people invented. The celebrated temple of Minerva at Athens still remains the admiration and wonder of travellers.

The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the *marble pile*,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabricks looks
 That from the magic wand aerial rise.

Thomson.

Into

Into the patriot-breast ; and raised the hand 570
To bold expression ; or with lenient balm
Softned the yielding heart, and o'er the form
Of bleeding Innocence, or Liberty
Red from Oppression's iron scourge ; he gave
The heart wild-throbbing, and the manly tear: 575

Then bloom'd the pencil's beauteous offspring, warm
With mimic life, the ripened Figures glow'd,
And swell'd in easy majesty : array'd
By simple Elegance, bright Hellen breathed
Unfading roses, and the loosen'd robe 580
Of Venus, ruffling from the silver wave,
Gave charms all-lovely to th' enraptured view,
And beauty heav'n-illumined.---The rich grape
Hung clustering near, that from the fields of air
Inticed the wondering people ; and the flow 585

Line 576, &c. *Then bloom'd the pencil's beauteous offspring, &c.*] The author has mentioned as proofs of the Grecian excellence in painting, pieces, which though they were wrought by the artists of that country, yet were not all of them performed by Athenians. The names of Apelles, Praxiteles, and Xeu-xis, reflect lustre on that happy climate to which they owed their birth. It is indeed alledged by some moderns, from the few remains of ancient painting which have come down to us, that the performers excelled in the designing, and expression of their pieces, but were unequal in the perspective.

Of

Of waving curtains mock'd the cheated eye,
That mark'd their folds high-swelling on its gaze.

FULL in the port a pompous navy rode ;
The loose oar skimming o'er the surgy wave ;
Prepared to plough the boiling deep.---Elate, 590
The sprightly mariners in thought survey'd
The land where Ceres' showers her yellow spoils

Line 588, &c. *Full in the port, &c.*] The scene of this description is laid at the time when the Athenians undertook the conquest of Sicily, which proved so fatal to them in the event. At this period Athens appears to have been in the zenith of her glory ; and we have fixed upon it as a crisis, at which we may judge of the utmost purpose which the genius of the Athenians was capable of effectuating ; and as it affords at the same time a remarkable instance of their superstition. This celebrated expedition was undertaken about the middle of the Peloponnesian war, when the Athenians alone were not only supporting their own interests, and those of their allies, against the combined forces of the other nations of Greece ; but were even meditating the conquest of distant countries. The names of Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, and Nicias, render this period of their history remarkable above any other, both for the achievements of war, and for the highest improvement of that philosophy by which a nation is benefited and adorned. That this people however fully merited the character given them by an inspired writer, of being *ὡς δεισιδαιμονέστεροι*, i. e. too superstitious ; was evident even at this period from their behaviour to Alcibiades, one of the greatest men to whom their country gave birth. Because this young man had in a youthful frolic defaced the statues of Mercury, the god of thieves and pickpockets, his enemies immediately conspired his destruction ; and that the blow might be surely aimed, they deferred the execution of their purpose until he had set sail on his voyage to Sicily. They then terrified the superstitious populace, by denouncing the indignation of the Gods upon the Athenians ; and procured the celebrated decree, by which an irremediable wound was given to the power and glory of Athens. Alcibiades made his escape, and the unfortunate death of the good Nicias, and his unhappy countrymen, opened too late the eyes of the Athenians, and produced a sincere though unavailing repentance.

Already

Already opening, the delicious groves,
The flowery lawns their own. Vain wish ! the hand
Of Fate opposed, and barr'd her iron door, 595
And spurn'd presumptuous hope. The people pour'd
Thro' the broad gates, to mark the pompous scene,
Or clasp their parting friends : The hoary Sire
Stretch'd his time-trembling arms, to lock the son
In strict embrace, and wildly-faltering, cried 600
Be brave, and know thy Country ! --- 'To the Gods
The warm libation stream'd ; and all to heav'n
Rais'd suppliant eyes, and call'd th' eternal Powers
With unavailing prayers. The navy row'd
Far o'er the Deep's blue bosom, and the throng 605
Caught a last look, and left the desert shore.

YET mid this scene of triumph, the dark seeds
Of dire commotion sprung : For mid the Fanes
Innumerable, swelling on the Stranger's gaze ;
A group of statues, where the marble breathed 610
Warm from the Sculptor's forming stroke, were clad
In floating robes ; each bearing on his arm

Some separate ensign of imperial sway.

O'er some, loose Youth in frolic pastime wild

Had spread dishonour, and defaced the forms

615

With scars unseemly, or untied their wreaths,

Or hurl'd them headlong from the sacred shrine.

HENCE hovering dreadful to the gloomy thought
Of Superstition, hung th' avenging bolt

O'er their devoted heads. Presages dire

620

Rose to the mind deep-musing; Death, Despair,

And Jove's bright Ægis, thro' the withering limbs

That shoots pale fear!--Yon mighty fleet is doom'd

To sure destruction, if th' offended Power

Of Justice, yields not to the lenient voice

625

Of Prayer; if he who mock'd th' Eternal Powers,

Atones not with his blood. At once we view'd

A light-oar'd galley skimming o'er the waves,

To reach the distant navy; that the man

Who maim'd the statues, might by death appease

630

The

Line 629, 30. *That the man who maim'd, &c.*] It is proper to observe here,
that though this proceeding of the Athenian people, with regard to Alcibiades,
is

The dreams of dark Suspicion, by the care
Of pining Envy raised to vex the mind.

THE Power of thought on these perplexing scenes
Long cast a ferious eye, and thus began.

Lo *Athens* rises to thy view! Thou seest 635
The clime beloved of Wisdom, where improved,
The *morn* of Science ripens into *day*.
There the faint beam that o'er th' Ægyptian clime
Shook loosely-fluttering, pours a steddy blaze,
Unstain'd by passing clouds. The Persian there, 640

Marks

is mentioned as the effect of Superstition; yet the Author does not mean to vindicate him from the charge of impiety. An attempt to subvert, or to expose to ridicule the established religion of any country, however absurd or irrational (unless some good end can be effectuated by such a conduct) is certainly flagitious, and deserves the severest chastisement. The Athenians were only actuated by Superstition in this affair, as by their precipitancy to punish a supposed offence, they deprived themselves of an excellent General; and as they absurdly concluded, that the Deity would punish upon an army the crime of an individual, who might have been tried at a proper time by the laws of his country.

Line 640, &c. *The Persian there, &c.*] The Mythology of the Athenians was much more complex than that of any other nation; as this ingenious people were not only daily finding out new Deities for themselves, but were adopting into the number, the Gods of every nation around them. Hesiod reckons no less than thirty thousand of these in his time.

Τρεῖς γὰρ μυριοὶ εἰσὶν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πολυθεσίῃ
Ἀθηναῖοι Ζηνὶ, Φυλάκες μεροπῶν ἀνθρώπων,

Marks his young system opening on the gaze,
To full-proportion'd symmetry. With joy,
Thy fons Phœnicia, in the thronging port
Behold reviving Commerce. Ev'n the look
Of pale Judea brightens, as the draught 645
Unfolds Religion's beauteous form, pourtray'd
In fairer colours, and the kindling flame,
Waked at Devotion's shrine. No more thou view'st
Austere Philosophy confined to Few :
Lo where she moves, with all th' immortal nine, 650
That sweep the lyre, melodious ! In her eye
The Graces languish, and her melting voice
Is harmony. In Plato's glowing page,
Her strain still vibrates to the thrilling heart
Deep-pierced, that pants to clasp the lovely form 655
Of smiling Beauty ; or intranced surveys
In vision's vivid beam, Elysian groves,
The great rewards of Virtue ; and elate,
Bursts o'er the bound of death, and hopes the skies.

The Persians, Egyptians, and even the Jews may be said on that account with propriety, to have observed their different systems of Religion in that of the Athenians.

THERE

THERE heav'n-bred Genius fired Pericles' soul, 660
Beloved of Pallas, on whose tuneful tongue
Divine Persuasion pour'd her magic lay.
Stern Justice there to Aristides' hand
Consigned her balance ; thro' th' illumined soul
Of god-like Socrates, meek Wisdom shot 665
Her purest ray, and to the mental hope
Display'd a world to come. Themistocles
Elate, from Luxury's high-arched brow,
Snatch'd the loose plume, and on her purple crest,
That shook on Victory's triumphant wheel ; 670
Wrote Disappointment.---Yet not all the arts
That polish life ; not the meridian reign
Of mild Philosophy that forms the mind ;
Not all the just simplicity of taste ;
Nor pour'd from warbling lutes, the melting lay ; 675
Nor the sweet plainings of the tragic Muse
That thrill'd the ear of Pity ; nor the tide
Of rapid Eloquence that rush'd along,
And whirl'd light Passion on its headlong wave :

Not

Not these united gave the soul to reach 680
 The First of Beings.---Back th' astonish'd thought
 Recoil'd to earth, lost in the boundless maze
 Of His perfections; and despair'd to rise.

THENCE raised to hope, from Reason's yielding grasp
 Bold Fancy snatch'd the rein; on aery schemes 685
 Intent, and scenes light-floating on the view.
 Hence rose her pictured Deities, as Fear,
 Or Passion sketch'd the train. The Thunderer sat
 Shrined in black clouds, or bellow'd o'er the field,
 Smit with the dust of earth: Rapine and Rage 690
 Mark'd his dire course, and Murder stain'd his hands.
 Hence Fury shook her torch, and Jealousy
 Inflamed to madness, roll'd her yellow eyes
 O'er heav'n's celestial azure. From the groves

Line 680, 1. *Not these united, &c.*] It is not meant here to insinuate, that the light of Nature might not have led the Heathens to form just conceptions of the Supreme Mind; as we have already seen that some of their philosophers and poets, speak with suitable dignity of the natural and moral attributes of the Deity. The author means only to observe, that the most ignorant, which was by far the most numerous tribe, gave credit to the most extravagant Fiction; and that the more intelligent part, were unable to form so full and perfect an idea of the Creator, as we find exhibited in the writings of Inspiration. See the Note on p. 59. l. 79.

Line 689, 90. *Bellow'd in the field, &c.*] See examples of this in *Ovid's Metam. passim.*

Of

Of Cyprus, to the laughter-loving Queen, 695
The Queen of Lust, high-fuming incense rose.
One limp'd, and one was blind ; in slaughter one
Was blest, and bathed his horrid steps in gore.
Ev'n she, the Power of Wisdom, from her limbs
Shook off th' ethereal mantle, laid the helm, 700
The spear aside, the black-descending plume,
And Jove's eternal Ægis ; call'd the Loves
To wanton in her smile, and show'd her form
All-naked, swelling to th' enraptured gaze,
On Ida's shaggy top ;---vain hope,---to gain 705
The prize of Beauty from a mortal hand.

SUCH Fancy sketch'd the heav'nly host ; so deep
Plunged in the gulph of closing darkness, lay
Her wild creation.---Does thy secret soul
Reject it or approve ? Say was a plan 710
So loose, so various, so unshaped of parts,
Form'd to impress conviction on the thought
Of cool deciding Reason ? Strays the walk
Of erring Judgment to so dark a shore ?

PROMPT to reply, yet cautious of offence, 715
The heart's soft whisper told the flashing glance
Its silent indignation. Then the Sage
Resumed: his look was pity, and his voice
Soft as the breath of Evening, when it steals
Along the flowery bank, bedrop'd with dew. 720

YET was the draught that to thy blushing cheek
Calls up th' indignant colour, by the sons
Of Science long embraced. The Pencil shed
Its richest tints, fair from th' abyfs of night
To call the form celestial; to describe 725
The birth of Infinite; to arm the hand
Of Jove with thunder, and his eyes with rage.
Nor less the Sculptor plied his forming art
To fashion Deity; the chizzel prest
Thro' the blue marble's sweating veins, to shape 730
The living bust in attitude obscene.
Ev'n Architecture stretch'd her thought sublime
To grasp the vast design: loose to her view,
Th' imperfect forms of Grandeur swimm'd along,

As

As sweeps a meteor o'er the flashing skies :

735

'Till Judgment's steddy gaze had wrought the parts

To fair proportion ; 'till the simple touch

Of magic Elegance had graced the dome,

That rose, (disgrace of Science !) to the Powers

Of rapine, lust, and slaughter. These thou seest,

740

Tho' waked to life, tho' delicate to feel

Each finer movement of the melting soul ;

Tho' tuned by harmony, the trembling lay

Was unison to Nature : tho' refined

By sweet Philosophy's persuasive lore ;

745

Ev'n in their purest age, by truth inspired ;

And taught by Wisdom, in thy simple guise

Exalted Socrates !---Yet prone to act

From superstitious terror.---Know the sails,

That late triumphant floated to the breeze ;

750

Shall waft yon navy to Sicilia's shore ;

But not to conquest: for their better Chief,

Young Alcibiades is doom'd to death,

By Superstition doom'd, to fate the wish

Of yellow-liver'd Envy. From its base,

755

Q

Their

Their Dagon fallen, th' offended Power demands
Blood for a sacrifice. Led by the Few,
The many madden, and their frantic zeal,
Quick as dry powder rushing into flame,
Bursts the frail mounds of reason, justice, law ;
And whirls him to destruction. Yet are these,
Keen, sensible, ingenious ; prompt to glow
With honest shame ; and from the vulgar herd
Of other climes, by worth disjoin'd as far,
As from the twilight bat, th' aerial bird
Sublime, that gazes on the dazzling sun
With steady nerve, and wings the midway air.

760

765

Thus duped by Fancy, erring Reason stray'd
Thro' Night's black gloom ; and with uncertain step,
Stumbled from rock to rock. The plan perplex'd,
Obscure, that link'd on Wisdom's beauteous chain,
Passion to Happiness, (unequal yoke !)
And Folly to Perfection.---Such the path
Of those whom Nature charm'd, and Taste refined.

770

HERE

HERE paused the Sage. Attentive I revolved 775
The scene in silence, then serene replied.

“ CONVINCED by truth, th’ enlightned mind no more
“ Suspends its full assent.---I see how weak
“ The bark of Hope, to stem the mighty tide
“ Of shoreless Infinite : though Reason plies 780
“ Along the ruffled stream his waving oar ;
“ Or sees short lengths, or glimmers on the rock ;
“ Or marks the shallow of a ridgy bay :
“ Yet hopeless of a wider range ; repell’d
“ By every wave ; check’d by the winds ; o’er-awed 785
“ By opening views ; or sinking in the gulph
“ Of Darkness and Confusion.---O like Heav’n
“ Propitious ! frown not, if the labouring mind
“ Is still perplex’d ; if yet my thoughts demand,
“ Why Wisdom infinite, whose ways are Peace ; 790
“ Whose plan Perfection ; to so lame a Guide
“ So long consign’d the helm. Why on the foul
“ Flash’d not immediate vision ? He, whose breath
“ Waked the young offspring into life ; beheld

" Its latent powers, knew all its reach of thought ; 795
 " Saw it frail, various, weak, uncertain ; left
 " To task unequal, and bewildered wild
 " In Error's devious maze. Had the keen beam
 " Of Heav'n shot radiant thro' the dusky gloom,
 " To point the path of Truth ; had Reason shaped 800
 " His early course by some directing star ;
 " Ne'er had bold Fancy's daring wing essay'd
 " Th' unmeasured waste unaided ; but repress'd,
 " Had moved responsive to the whisper'd lore
 " Of Judgment and of Nature. Then the ray, 805
 " So late that lightned on th' enquiring mind ;
 " Had shone alike on all ; nor man complain'd
 " Of partial favours on a part conferr'd ;
 " Nor shower'd profuse, and liberal on the whole."

DUBIOUS I spoke ; for with indignant eye 810
 The Sire beheld me ; and athwart his brow
 Reproof had cast her frown. Severe he said

ACCUSE not Providence ;--to thee its ways

Are

Are wrapt in darkness ; rash alike thou deem'st
Of wisdom or injustice.---Grant that Heav'n 815
Submits, to Nature's glimmering search had lent
Internal light ; that some superior Power
Had beckoning seized weak Reason's groping hand,
And show'd the object of his search ; and clear'd
His trembling twilight to a perfect day : 820
Then had thy thought elate disdain'd to own
The boon conferr'd ; thine all the work had been ;

Line 821, 2. *Then had thy thought elate, &c.*] This argument hath been explained with great force and propriety by the advocates of Christianity ; in answer to the objection drawn from its having been so late introduced.—A very little attention to the faculties of the human mind, will convince us that this observation is founded on truth and nature. As the mind of man is naturally prying and inquisitive ; so it is apt upon all occasions, not only to exult in the principles which it may have invented ; but to carry its researches from one subject to another ; and to consider as possible the most abstruse speculations. Without the testimony of experience we should never have believed, that principles of Theology so different from those which Reason appears to establish, could have obtained at any period ; and far less that these should have been embraced by nations remarkably distinguished for polished and cultivated manners. The testimony of experience was therefore absolutely necessary to show us, how far human nature unassisted by Revelation, is able to proceed in theological discoveries ; and to establish a criterion by which we may discriminate betwixt the researches of Reason, and the truths of Inspiration.—Had a complete Revelation of the divine will been exhibited at any early period of the world ; as the argument from prophecy must have been greatly weakened, if not wholly lost, a standard of this nature could never have been settled ; and the mind insensible of its obligations to the Supreme Being, would have arrogated to itself those discoveries, which we are now fully satisfied it could never have invented.—Christianity therefore was not introduced till that period, at which the human mind might have an opportunity to know from the history of former ages, that its powers were inadequate to the discoveries of Theology ; and consequently that a Divine Revelation was indispensably necessary.

Nor

Nor God received His own.—Still if thou seekst
 To know why man is form'd so weak, so lame;
 Why not advanced in Wisdom's rising scale 825
 To range a wider orbit: First demand,
 Why on the boar's broad bristly back besmear'd,
 Floats not the downy ermin; first enquire,
 Why the bright peacock mid' the noon-day blaze,
 That spreads his starry plumage to the sun; 830
 And gleams resplendent in the dazzling ray;
 Pours not thy lay sweet Philomel; nor wings
 The air with lightning-speed, and marks the earth
 A speck beneath.—Vain were the search? not less
 The Hope presumptuous that arraigns thy God; 835
 Who gave not sooner, what bestow'd, had moved
 Thy pride to question all: who form'd thee first
 A Man, but not an Angel.—Know 'twas deem'd
 Best by eternal Wisdom; that the search
 Of man unaided, should aspire in vain 840
 To reach the First of things; that in the maze

Line 824, 25. *Why man is form'd as weak, &c.*] i. e. Why Deity did not originally confer on man sufficient abilities to investigate these truths, without the aid of Revelation. This objection is but slightly touched here. The reader may see it treated at more length in Book I. from l. 907, to 991.

Of

Of Fancy wandering wild, his feet should err
Far from th' ascent that leads to truth, inticed
By the faint semblance of aerial shapes ;
By Phantomes swimming on the mental gaze ;
'Till Heav'n recall'd his step ; 'till God reveal'd
The path o'erlook'd by his presumptuous pride ;
And burst th' involving Dark, that form'd its veil.

845

HENCE Arrogance chastised, beholds her plume
Soil'd in the dust ; hence Reason's judging eye
Sedate and slow th' historic field surveys :
Sees Nature's simple sons untaught by Art,
Roam o'er the violet-purple dale, serene ;
Pure as the nectard stream that circling, warms
The peache's downy bosom : sees them caught
In Pleasure's filken chain ; by Virtue left ;
By Innocence misled, by Vice insnared.

850

855

THENCE down the steep of long-revolving years
Descends the wing flow-waving. On thy clime,
Illumined Ægypt, his delighted gaze

860

Marks

Marks the first dawn of Science, heav'n-inspired,
 Beam on th' enlightned path.—Piles, Bulwarks, Fanes,
 And cloudy Pyramids ascending, stretch
 Their spires to Heav'n. By astronomic chains
 The spheres are circled, and the mounting Sun, 865
 On Fancy's magic wheel performs his round.
 Yet blind to truth, the darkned mind confounds
 The Maker with His work. He leaves them pale
 And groveling low at Instinct's hallowed shrine.

HIS noblest rites prophaned, th' indignant Power 870
 Averts his look ; and lo, the happy climes
 Of Arts, and Elegance, and polish'd life ;
 Unfold their mantling groves !---the Graces sport
 Loose on the balmy-pinnion'd gale, that waves
 Thy stream Ilyssus, where the shady spires 875
 Of busy Athens tremble ! Here at last,
 He hopes a nobler plan, but hopes in vain.
 Innumerable, floating on the startled view,
 The swarming Deities arise !---Behind

Line 864. *By astronomic chains, &c.*] This refers to the defective system of Astronomy which obtained in these ages.

The

The Furies howl ; Lust, Rapine, Murder, Rage, 880
 With blood-stain'd eyes stride in the horrid train
 Deform'd, and baleful taint the murky air.

“ ARE these thy Gods, O Athens ? was my voice
 “ (Exclaims the Power aghast !) strain'd to support
 “ A scheme that teems with Folly ?--The wild dream 885
 “ Of howling Phrenzy, forms not to the mind
 “ Shapes more discordant, when the dizzy head
 “ Swims, and the breath of Fancy whirls the brain !

“ WARN'D by my call, 'tis said the wiser Few
 “ Despised their country's superstitious rites ; 890
 “ Nor bent at Folly's shrine the supple knee.
 “ 'Tis just :---but wrought they by my light convey'd,
 “ A nobler system then ? Did Reason point
 “ The path to truth ? Ah no !---Philosophy
 “ Dream'd of immortal life ; but dream'd by starts ; 895
 “ By starts awaked, and doubted.---To her search

Line 894, 5. *Philosophy dream'd, &c.*] It affords a melancholy proof of the weakness of the human mind to reflect that there are many important truths, which have, during a succession of ages been firmly believed only by ignorant and uncivilized nations ; and that the powers of the mind in their highest state of
 R improvement,

" The light was feeble, and the field around
 " Was long and dark, and desolate ---She gave
 " The palm of Hope.---Hope on his rainbow plumed,
 " Sat wrapt in vision, and his glittering wings 900
 " Expanding reach'd the skies : but Doubt behind,
 " Slow dogg'd his flight, and breathed a fullen cloud,
 " That screen'd its glories from his misty view.

mprovement, are productive of *Scepticism*, rather than *Conviction*. Of the truth of this observation, the present subject affords a remarkable instance. We have already remarked, that the belief of a Future State characteriseth in one shape or other all Nations whatever. The Heathens indiscriminately had their Elysium and Tartarus ; the Mohammedans have their Houris ;—the Savages of India and America suppose that their Fathers enjoy over again in another world, the pleasures which were most agreeable in this life ;—and the ancient inhabitants of North Briton believed (if Ossian is to be credited,) that their Warriors sailed on clouds, and pursued *acreal deer* ; an opinion which may afford some consolation to a *modern superannuated Fox-hunter*.—The Philosophers of antiquity however, who may be supposed to have examined this subject with greater attention, express themselves much more dubiously. We have already seen Plato expressing his desire of obtaining some Divine light with regard to this matter ; and we shall find his follower Cicero, equally uncertain and fluctuating in his opinions. *Me vero delectat*, (says he, speaking of a future state of existence) *deinde etiam si non sit, mihi tamen persuaderi velim*. One of his speakers in the beautiful Dialogue on Death, says very ingenuously, upon being asked whether he had read Plato's *Phædon* ; that he knows not how it is ; when he read the book, he assented to the reasoning, but when he laid it aside, his doubts returned ; *Tuscul. Quæst.* lib. i. The same author informs us, that the celebrated Theophrastus complained on his death-bed, that Nature had capriciously bestowed a long life upon Crows and Fawns ; to whom it can be of no advantage ; and had made man so short-lived, to whom a longer series of years would have been so highly beneficial, for completing his researches. *Quærebatur igitur si cum illa videre cæpisset, extingui*, *Id* lib. iii. We might confirm this remark by many other examples of this kind ; if these would not swell the note to too much length. It is sufficient to observe from the whole, the propriety with which it is said in the Sacred Writings, that Life and Immortality are brought to Light by the Gospel.

“ ONE

“ ONE Sage alone, with philosophic eye
“ Look’d thro’ the gloom, and spied the ruling hand 905
“ Of Wisdom in her works ; but from his sight
“ The Vision vanish’d ; to his lips divine,
“ By Superstition held, the poison’d draught
“ Crack’d Life’s weak strings, and sent th’ unprison’d mind,
“ Half-clear’d, to know the truth his mind explored.” 910

HERE Reason fails ; his flagging wing demands
Superior aid to raise his loosen’d plumes ;
To form them to the flight. He marks afar,
Superior aid descending ; and submits
Marks the long path where Revelation pours 915
Her steady ray, and shows new scenes, display’d
In rich variety ; and owns the hand
Of Wisdom rear’d conspicuous o’er the whole.

THUS as thine eye pursues the mighty plan ;
Thou seest the Power who call’d the kindling beam 920
Of light from Chaos ; whose high mandate reins
The wheeling winds, or on their wild wings showers

The balm of Health ; who bids the mountains rear

Their cloudy fummits, or volcanos waste

Their fiery fuel ; and consults in all

925

The good of man :—Thou see'st Him in the scheme

Of moral Good, disposing o'er the whole

One sum of Benefit ; and as it swells

To fair harmonious symmetry ; thou see'st

One *glorious aim* that rules, and works *in all*.

930

PERHAPS, (thus milder spoke the parting Sage)

Perhaps eternal Wisdom leaves immured

In ignorance and night, the tribes that roam

O'er regions far remote, where Nature showers

With liberal hand her treasures : From a Few,

935

A favour'd Few, removes the mantling veil :

That hence to Gratitude's sweet-thrilling string

Line 932, &c. *Perhaps eternal Wisdom, &c.*] This remark is subjoined in answer to a question which may very naturally be asked ; and that is, why Revealed Religion, now that it is granted to mankind ; is limited to so small a number of the human species. Perhaps it is not wholly from the purpose to reply ; that as by the late introduction of Christianity, mankind were prepared to embrace it by being fully convinced of the insufficiency of Reason ; so by its being conferred only upon a part, this conviction is still impressed forcibly upon the mind ; as we see that unassisted Reason is as unable at this period as it was at any former one, to form a consistent scheme of religious principles. Our gratitude therefore, who are distinguished from others, ought to be proportioned to our advantages.

A.

The heart may move reponsive ; that secured
By living evidence, the mind may feel,
May own its weakness ; taught at last to know 940
That Nature's eye unaided, hopes in vain
To reach its God ; that as the circling orb
Of *Providence* revolves ; the *secret wheels*
That shape its course, harmonious, tho' unseen,
Roll to their destined end ; though deem'd by man 945
Weak or excentric ; for the God within,
Works not by means to Human Pride reveal'd ;
But silent moves to reach his great Design.

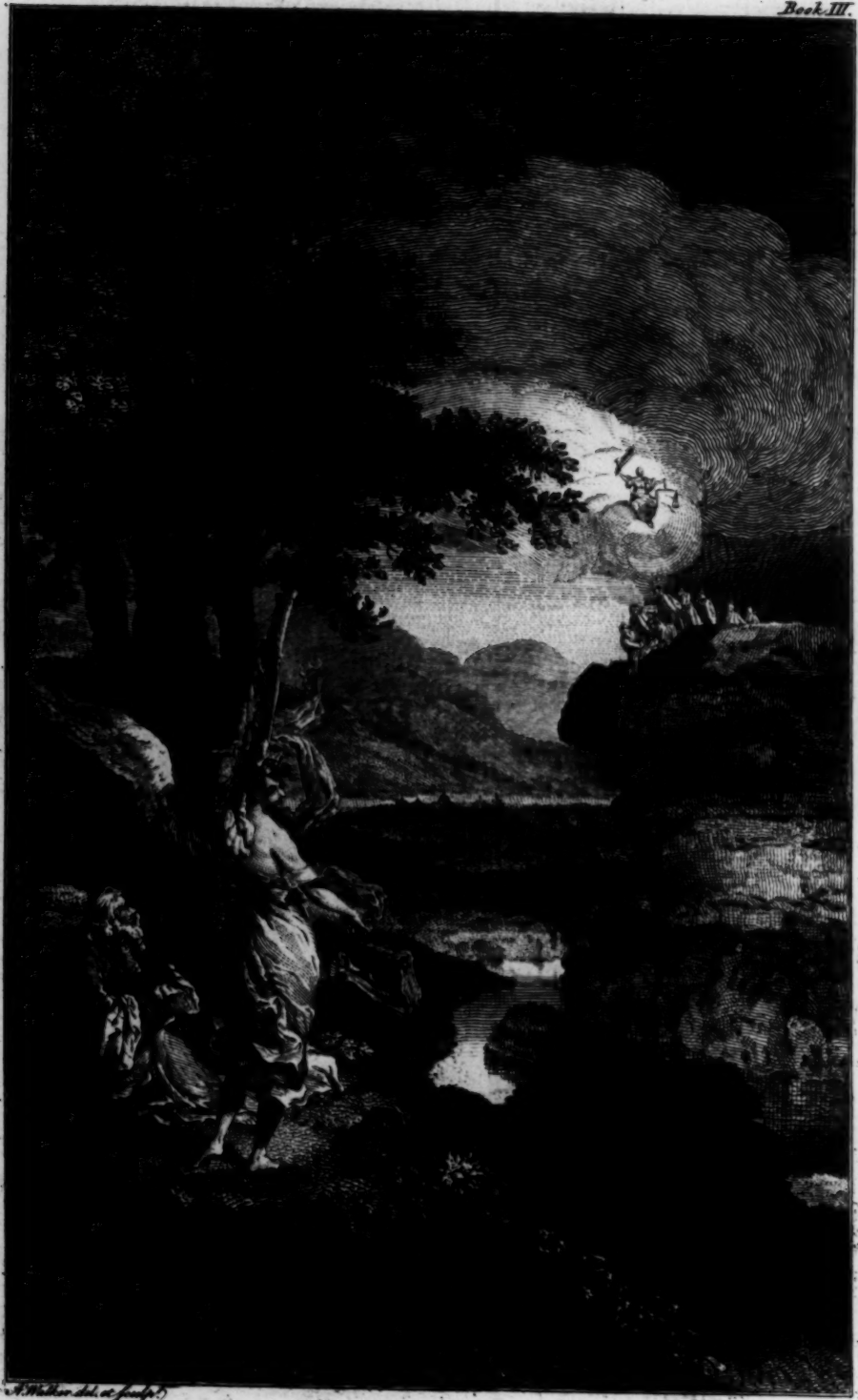
HIGH on the gale ascending as he spoke,
The yellow cloud received him ; and the wing 950
Of Fancy glittering waved, and reach'd the skies.

PROVI-

•

1





A. Walker del. & J. G. Sculpsit

PROVIDENCE,

A

P O E M.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Description of the miseries of Human Life, and complaint of the unequal distributions of Reward and Punishment, ver. 1, to 46. Scene of the Book to 57. Recapitulation of the two preceding books, to 82. Conclusion with regard to human life, to 90. First Allegory. Diseases the consequences of Intemperance, and Temptation of Opulence, to 295. Men frequently miserable from obtaining their wishes, to 324. The inconveniencies enumerated which are attendant upon Affluence, to 344. Objection, that this relates only to the guilty, to 356. Answer, that Poverty is exempted from temptations, which are ready even to mislead a virtuous man who is opulent, to 387. Other advantages of Poverty, to 393. Unreasonableness of challenging Providence, to 414. Complaint of suffering Virtue, to 443. Second Allegory. The trial of Virtue, to 676. Remarks upon the conduct of Providence, Causes of man's dissatisfaction, to 716. The Allegories resumed to 734. The dispensations of Providence vindicated in the sufferings of Virtue, by arguments drawn from the weakness of the human mind, which is unable to judge of the extent of its own faculties, to 753. From its mistaking in many instances the ruling passion, to 768. From its temerity in judging that a powerful temptation may be subdued, because a weak one hath been resisted, to 793. Injustice of accusing the Deity, because by placing a virtuous man in a low sphere of life, he exempts him from temptation, or takes him off by death, when He sees him exposed to one which might be dangerous to his virtue, to 823. Reason why Vice is prosperous drawn from the two Allegories, to 881. The argument from a future state examined, to 898. Vindication of Providence from the saints in heaven, to 987. Wisdom personified, and pronouncing her decision from a review of the whole Poem, to 1037. Conclusion.

P R O V I D E N C E,

A

P O E M.

B O O K III.

H U M A N L I F E.

BY Time's flow-heaving tide, the works of man
Are whelm'd ; how sinks beneath his wasteful sway
The pride of Empire ! glittering for a while,
The gilded vessels sports along the stream,

Fann'd

Line 1. *By Time's flow-heaving tide, &c.*] As we have in the two former Books endeavoured to point out the most conspicuous marks of Design, which appear in the *formation* of the world and in its *Government* with respect to the introduction of Christianity ; the next topic which falls naturally into consideration in canvassing this subject, relates to those traces of Wisdom, which a view of the Deity's moral Government suggests to the mind upon examination. The objections which lye against Providence, from the unequal distribution of Reward and Punishment which takes place at present, can only be entirely re-

S

moved;

Fann'd with propitious gales : the fides are firm, 5
 The hull capacious, and the swelling sails
 Float to the breeze of Summer. Ah how soon,
 Torn by the Tempest's wildly-rushing wing ;
 And foundering on the deep, it lies deform'd,
 A shatter'd wreck ! nor less on Life descends 10
 The storm impetuous ; let thy silver hairs,
 Time-hallow'd Age, be witness ! the dim eye,
 The tottering tread, the furrow'd cheek, the hand
 Yet trembling from the blast. Tell ye who tend
 The bed of death ; how o'er the helpless race 15
 Of human victims, strides the harpy foot
 Of Misery triumphant ! while the veins
 Shrink to the Fever's scorching breath, or feel

moved by our belief that there is another state in which a more perfect Dispensation obtains ; and the author taking this for granted, only proposeth to enquire, whether a review of Human Life does not afford us sufficient reasons to conclude, that such a Dispensation does really take place ; and that the Supreme Being consults the *benefit* of His creatures, by subjecting them to temporary Evils. In order to effectuate this end, he enquires, whether Vice in some sense is not its own punishment, as Virtue is said to be its own reward, even in this life. He assigns some obvious causes for which Crimes are not chastised in proportion to their demerit, in the present state of things ; and the punishment due to the Bad, is apparently transferred to the Virtuous. He concludes from this detail, that there are evident marks of Design in the present management of the world : and after suggesting from these the probability of Future Retribution ; he sums up the work with taking a view of it, as far as it concerns the happiness of the Just.

Startling

Starting, the fiery dart of racking Pain,
That writhes to agony ; or loosened shake
Before Consumption ; when her baleful sponge
Drops its green poison on the springs of life.

20

NOR these alone pursue the race of man.
Far other ills await, far other woes
Like vultures revel on his canker'd heart.

25

O ye who nightly languish o'er the tomb,
Where sleeps thy dust, Eugenio ! Ye whose hearts
O'er Virtue bleed, when reeking from the scourge
Of dire Oppression, in some lonely cave
She pines all desolate !---Ye Powers that haunt
The vale where Genius breathes her plaint alone,
Wild to the whistling wind : her voice unheard,
As airs that warble o'er the murmuring dale
Remote, to Solitude's enchanted ear !

30

O tell, why wrapt in Grandeur's floating robe ;
Vice mounts her throne ! while trembling at the bar
Stands Innocence appall'd ! Tell why the hand

35

Of strutting Impudence, unlicensed, grasps
The palm of worth, and his indignant brow
Looks down, while meek-eyed Modesty dismay'd, 40
Mantles her cheek in crimson, and retires
To blush in silence ! why thy purple car,
High-plumed Ambition, bathes its rolling wheels
In blood, and o'er pale Virtue's streaming corse,
Rapid and mad'ning, springs to reach the goal. 45

Thus while slow-wandering o'er the purple heath
Stray'd my lone step ; the melancholy mind
Had pour'd its plaint low-whispering, to the gale,
That sighing soothed its anguish. From his noon
The sun declined, and stooping from her sphere 50
Sublime, the lark's loose-wheeling wing retired
Prone to her humble couch. Around the wild
Was bleak and pathless ; the surrounding hills,
High-heaving, show'd their gleamy tops afar ;
And roll'd the plover's deeply-plaintive wail 55
Along the founding desert. Soon abash'd,
I mark'd with timid eye, the solemn step

Of

Of Contemplation. Fancy's magic wand
 Behind him waved ; and o'er her swelling limbs
 Light swimm'd the many-colour'd robe.—Awhile 60
 The Sire in silence view'd me ; and began.

O'ER Nature's ample field thy wondering mind
 Hath seen enlightned Wisdom's guiding ray
 Stream on the work ; hath mark'd her beaming eye
 Fair on the Thunder's ragged front ; her step 65
 Along the Whirl-wind's desolating path ;
 The deep Volcano's gleam, and thy wide waste,
 Devouring Earthquake !—To the Mountain's brow
 Thine eye hath traced her walk ; and seen her scoop
 The River's bed, or teach the bubbling rill 70
 To steal wild-wandering o'er the lillied dale,
 That waves its dewy mantle o'er the stream.

NOR less to aid weak Reason's search, her thought
 To man propitious, form'd the nobler plan,

Line 64, 5. *Her beaming eye fair on the Thunder's, &c.*] See Book I. from l. 496.

Line 65, &c. *Her step along the whirlwind, &c.*] See B. I. l. 510, 806, 822.

Line 68. *To the Mountain's brow, &c.*] See above from l. 638, to 795.

Line 73. *Nor less to aid, &c.*] B. II. pass.

That gave new beauties to th' enraptured view. 75
Slow on the flight of Time thy mind hath seen
Her step attendant; and the glorious scheme
Fraught with high bounty, to perfection wrought;
Frail Nature aided; Doubt's black cloud dispell'd;
Truth from wild Fancy's wildering maze recall'd; 80
And heav'n indulgent to the hopes of man.

WHILE these fair-beaming, to the mental eye
Display eternal Wisdom;—think'st thou then,
In Life's perplexing scenes her hand unseen?
The doubt were impious. Let the raven speak 85
Her care, as o'er the solitary wild
He fails, and stooping to the destined prey,
Flutters his ebon-coloured wing.---Thy plaint
Be ceased; attend in silence, and adore!

HE spoke; and swelling, as the magic rod 90
Of Fancy touch'd the trembling earth; around,
A woody theatre arose! the pines
Waved their green vesture o'er the shaded lawn,

Where

Where bloom'd spontaneous beauty : all the tribe
That mellow Autumn from the cloudy hill 95
Beholds loose-floating. Mid the circled field,
An easy mount ascending, raised its head
High o'er the topmost boughs ; whence to the gaze
Delighted, all the rushing landscape glow'd.
Two paths of flowery turf where Art disposed 100
The rich embroidery, blooming as it rose ;
Led thro' the winding forest. One inticed
Th' unwary step, that gradual scaled the brink
Of a steep precipice ; whence the weak fight,
Dizzy with horror ! mark'd the shaggy rock, 105
An height immense ! and tottering as he gazed
Th' affrighted youth drop'd headlong. From the mount
The other sweeping show'd a pompous pile ;
Whose front transparent glittered to the sun,
And show'd the broader dale. Its form display'd 110
The simple elegance of taste.---Below
A range of pillars, easy, light, sublime ;
Upheld at once, and dignified the domes
That o'er the swelling arch majestic lean'd.

Above,

Above, an aery cupola display'd 115
 Its gleaming circle :---from th' illumined round,
 The landskip danced in all the kindling hues
 That Fancy eyes with transport.——

As all-dissolving, on the mount's high brow
 I mark'd the scene luxuriant ;---on my ear, 120
 The lute sweet-warbling pour'd a melting lay
 Deep-felt, that trembled to the wishing soul.

Sudden, a Form all-radiant, as the cloud
 That gilds a summer eve ; flow from the grove
 Advanced ; of winning port ; her pinnion'd wings 125
 Hung loose, and glitter'd to the sparkling ray.
 A veil fair-mantling, o'er her glossy limbs
 Flow'd careless down ; and swimming to the breeze,
 Heightned the ivory polish.—In her hand,
 The lute of voice melodious, thro' the trees 130
 Low-murmuring waved ; and on her moistened lips
 The Graces dropt ambrosia. Gradual on
 She came, and show'd her charms all heav'nly fair,

Full

Full to th' astonish'd gaze : and from the gate
Wide-opening, rush'd her loud-exulting train.

135

A joyous tribe, that thro' the mazy dance
Harmonious skim'd in aery ring ; gay-robed,
As the fair people of a vernal noon ;
That sport, and humming ply th' aerial wing.

ONE mid the circling throng superior trod,
And claim'd their homage ; yet his cheek retain'd
The fading rose of youth, that ere its prime
Disease had wither'd, as th' expanding bud,
Smit by pale Lightning's beauty-blasting wing ;
Untimely droops, and quivering threats a fall,
E'er Autumn's rude breath bare the leafy bough.
Yet reeling from the feast, his eyes announced
Intemperate joy, though flow-corroding Care
Sat on his front. Behind him crawl'd the step
Of feeble Age ; a Sire, whose ragged brow,
Time's gradual plough-share deepening as it roll'd,
Had mark'd with furrows ; and his palsied limbs
Bent, as he totter'd o'er the rustling lawn.

140

145

150

The rest laugh'd loud, and Mirth with frolic laugh
Danced on their dimpling cheek : light to the voice 155
Of the soft lute, all-loose they roved along,
Where young-eyed Pleasure led their step ; elate,
And heedless of the road. The blooming Fair,
Now smiling charm'd them ; now her stealing lay
Thrill'd to the soul. Along the flowery path 160
Careless they follow'd ; till aghast they view'd
The headlong precipice, and check'd their course
Sudden, and starting, mark'd the howling wild.

YET soon the danger vanish'd : the bleak scene,
Familiar frown'd no more. Though to the brink 165
One came, and foundering, tumbled as he gazed ;
Another run, stood, totter'd, reel'd, and fell :
Yet still the croud precipitate press'd on,
Fearless of death. Some to their bosoms clasp'd
The rosy-featured maid, whose beating veins 170
Throbb'd with soft tumult, and her downy cheek
Glow'd to the warm embrace. Some snatch'd the cup
Where the wine sparkled, and with eager thirst

Quaff'd

Quaff'd its delicious poison. Some retired,
Far in the dark wood's deep recess, explored 175
Its windings wild, and led the willing Fair
To bowers where Nature weaved th' entangling shrub
In mazes intricate ; that scarce the breeze
Was heard to murmur, and the Sun's weak eye
Look'd glimmering thro' the gloom. 'Twas all a scene 180
Of sport, and frolic dance, and laughing joy.

LONG o'er the lillied plain I cast my eye ;
Long mark'd the croud that roam'd delighted on :
Alternate transport, pity, love, and fear
Work'd in my bosom. Dubious as I stood, 185
The Sire benignant smiled, and thus resumed.

Lo ! from thy heav'n-illumined glance, the mist,
That veils from mortal man, the Powers unseen
Who prompt to vice, is vanish'd ! Raise thy fight
From yon black cloud, and mark what forms appear. 190

I LOOK'D, and hovering o'er the flowery turf

Were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
 Waved on the wind, or o'er the glittering field
 Who trod in silence. Care with lowering brow
 Slow stalk'd, and Slander, speckled as the snake 195
 That stings th' unwary traveller, along
 The tainted earth trail'd loose ; or born on wings
 Blue as the brimstone's gleam, in secret shot
 Her poison'd arrows ; pining Envy gnaw'd
 A blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame 200
 Snatch'd, as the Goddess to her lips applied
 Her mighty trump, and swell'd a solemn note
 To Homer's venerable name.—Not far
 Stood Discord foaming. Riot double-tongued,
 And gleaming Frenzy, and thy yellow wing 205
 Revenge, fell fiend ! shook plagues, and thro' the breast
 Infused their venom to the inmost soul.
 O'er all *Disease* her beauty-withering wand
 Waved high ; and heaving on the heavy air
 Her raven-pinions ; bloated as she sail'd 210

Line 202, 3. *Swell'd a solemn note to Homer's, &c.*] This refers (as the intelligent reader will observe) to the mean attempts of some critics, who because they cannot reach the sphere of Homer, would pull down this great genius to their own level.

The

The face of Nature. Shapeless was her form,
And void ; the Owl's ill-omen'd eyes high-raised,
Speckled her front ; her nostrils breathed a cloud ;
Pale Famine's fallow hand had scoop'd her cheek ;
And a green viper form'd her forky tongue. 215
Her wings the rank fen's putrid steam composed,
Condensed to solid. All her form below,
Ended in fiery basilisks, and snakes,
And scorpions dropping venom.---Slow she moved
Along the troubled air ; and from a bag, 220
(Wrought deep by Envy in her midnight den)
Scatter'd the seeds of death. The sparkling bowl
Received them now ; and now th' enfeebled corse,
Lank, open, spent, at each unfolding pore
Suck'd in the poison, as it rose decay'd, 225
Livid, and weak, from Pleasure's loose embrace.

Soon o'er each withering cheek, the baleful Power
Had spread unseen her life-consuming stain ;
Nor knew th' exulting Youth, who quaff'd elate
The draught delicious ; that untimely frost 230

Lurk'd

Lurk'd by the springs of life ; and secret chill'd
The florid blood, and mark'd him for the tomb.

At last with weak step came the trembling Sage,
Haggard, and shrinking from the breeze ; his voice
Was deep, and hollow ; and the loose nerves shook 235
His silver-sprinkled head. He thus began.

“ O yet, while Heav'n suspends your doom, be wise,
“ My Sons ! O cease to listen to the lore
“ Of Pleasure ! Death attends her forward step ;
“ And Pain's keen dart shoots pointed from her smile. 240
“ Hear then the words of Age : Yet Fate bestows
“ One hour ; yet Virtue with indulgent voice
“ By me invites to shun the devious maze
“ Of Error :—Yet to crown with length of days,
“ With joy, with happiness, your bold career 245
“ She hopes ! O snatch the proffer'd boon ! be roused ;
“ E'er her strong arm tremendous, at your heads
“ Shall launch th' avenging thunder : e'er dismay'd,
“ Perplex'd, bewilder'd, wild ; you seek the haunt

“ Of

“ Of Peace, when Darknefs veils her lowly cot ; 250

“ And mourn her gentle fmile for ever gone.”

CHIEF on the youth whose bloom the mildew'd blaſt
Of fell Diſeaſe had ſtain'd ; the words of Age
Impreſs'd conviction ; ſtarting from his dream,
He paus'd a moment, dubious as he muſed, 255
From Pleaſure's flowery path to turn ſerene,
With aim determin'd ; or yet lingering, ſhare
Her rich repaſt, and wait ſome future hour.

HIM thus half-rouzed, the ſoul-enchanting Fair
Beheld : the ruby deepened on her lip, 260
And keener radiance ſparkled in her eye.
Bare as the throbbing boſom to his view
Tumultuous heaved ; (the raven-colour'd hair
Shaded its ſnowy white) all-looſe ſhe ſprung
Back from the wood. The mantling veil clung round 265
Her poliſh'd limbs, and ſhow'd the beauteous frame,
Shaped by the hand of Harmony, and robed
By all the Graces ; to the lawleſs glance

Of

Of youth, that wandering o'er her countless charms
Stray'd lost in transport. With a smile that thrill'd 270
His inmost soul, she charm'd him to her lore :
Then ardent, clasping to her swelling breast
His form high-kindling, with the voice of Love
Waked the soft feelings of the melting soul.

WHAT then to calm enraptured thought, avail'd 275
Slow-judging Age? Impatient of controul;
And fired to rage at Pleasure's whisper'd call;
The bright reversion of his rich domains
Glanced quick on Passion's fiery-streaming eye,
And roused to frenzy.---By the silver hair 280
He dragg'd the helpless Sire, while yet weak life
Leap'd in his bosom; to the shaggy rock!
(The gay companions of his frolic hours
Lent willing aid) and hurl'd him headlong down;
Regardless of his wail! I saw his hands, 285
His wither'd hands to grasp the steddied knee
In vain extended! heard the suppliant voice,
Remote, as in some deep and hollow cave

Howls

Howls the low wind ! and mark'd the wild eye, roll'd

In deep unutterable woe !---Despair, 290

Pity, and Anguish wrung my tortured heart

By turns, that wish'd a dagger might avenge

The ruffian-deed.---The Power of thought beheld

Sedate the mix'd emotions, and began.

LEAVE thou to Heav'n the wretch whose impious hand 295

Has foil'd the locks of venerable Age ;

And hurl'd his Sire untimely to the tomb.

Disease thou see'st and Death already wait

To seize their victim. On the dizzy verge

Of Time he stands unpitied ; and the Power 300

Impatient o'er him waves his sweeping scythe.

Line 298, 9. *Disease thou see'st and Death, &c.*] As this book opens with a complaint of the miseries to which human life is exposed, partly from the diseases which are incident to man ; and partly from the calamities of another kind to which his life is exposed ; it is replied here in answer to the first, that no argument can lye against Providence from this consideration, because Diseases are generally the consequences of some species of intemperance. That many excellent moral ends are effectuated by these, is a truth, which the experience of individuals will not permit us to question. Yet it is certain in general, that as distempers are entailed upon the most robust constitution by irregularity and excess ; so persons who are originally tender and delicate, will not only preserve constant health, but will even retrieve a broken constitution by regularity and temperance. It is therefore unreasonable to accuse Providence, as if it inflicted those diseases as punishments, which are really the natural consequences of our own conduct.

YET warn'd, behold what danger marks the path
 Of high-brow'd Opulence ! Intemperance,
 The fruitful parent of Disease, behind
 Reels loose, and silent plants th' entangling snare. 305
 Oft, when to vengeance rouzed, th' Eternal dooms
 Some wretch to misery extreme ; He grants
 The fervent wish ; He gives th' insatiate eye
 To rove transported o'er its golden store ;
 The heart to swell like Xerxes, when he view'd 310
 His hosts that wrapt th' immeasurable plain ;
 And triumph'd in his power. Thus fares the wretch,
 As whirl'd by Passion, thro' Life's dusty field
 He bursts exulting. On the drooping head
 Of Merit, shy to censure, and repress'd 315
 By decent Pride from murmuring ; his rude hand
 Arrests the palm. He gains it ; and adored

Line 306, &c. *Oft when to vengeance rouzed, &c.*] This

———*Numinibus vota exaudita malignis ;*

as Juvenal phrases it, is a truth confirmed by experience, and affords as strong a proof of the weakness of the human mind, and of its insufficiency to judge of the ways of Providence, as any that can be adduced.

Line 314, &c. *On the drooping head, &c.*] In answer to the question proposed in the beginning, "*Tell why the hand of strutting Impudence.*"

By

By Folly's wondering train, presumptuous shapes
His course ; 'till like a canker at the root,
That secret riots on the vital stream,
Slow, but sure-wasting Fate in silence takes
Th' inevitable aim ; and spares the hand
Of hoary Time his silver, and his scythe.

320

O WEAK ! thro' Passion's erring glass to view,
What cooler thought condemns ! Think'st thou the man 325
By birth exalted, by the lavish hand
Of Fortune crown'd with honour, whose gay hours
Dance to the melting lute's melodious lay,
Is happy ?---Know thy wandering search mistakes
The shade for substance. Could thy thought explore 330
The mind within ; what *real* ills excite
The mental tumult ; to the trembling gaze
Of Fear what Phantoms of *imagined* woes
Swim thro' the dark night's solemn noon, when sleep
Shakes not her poppies o'er his longing eyes, 335
That roll in vain ; what inward-eating care
Preys on his pamper'd blood ; what wishes wild ;

What dread of future misery ; what dreams
 Of horror gleam athwart the fable scroll
 Where Memory prints her records : would the scene 340
 Wake thee to envy ? Would thy wishing soul
 Pant for the boon that glitters to the eye,
 But stings the heart, and poisons all its joy ?

I READ thy secret doubt :---“ 'Tis *Guilt* that shades
 “ The brow of Grandeur ; 'tis the solemn peal 345
 “ Of *Conscience* thundering in the mental ear,
 “ That wakes to quick sensation. To the dream
 “ Of harmless Innocence, no Demon shakes
 “ His front terrific : All is calm within,
 “ And tuned to perfect harmony.---Yet Peace 350
 “ May dwell with Opulence ; one happy mind
 “ May eye rejoicing its extended power
 “ To work for man ; exulting as it views

Line 344, &c. 'Tis *Guilt* that shades, &c.]

Evasisse putes quos diri conscia facti
 Mens habet attonitos, & furdo verberare cædit ?
 Hi sunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,
 Cum tonat exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli.

Juv. Sat. XIII.

“ A

“ A smiling tribe around, snatch'd from the grasp
 “ Of ruthless want, and basking in the beam 355
 “ Of Joy, to transport kindling, and to love.”

’Tis just :---The noble mind by Fortune raised,
 And warm'd by strong benevolence to spread
 Its happiness to all ; displays to man
 His Maker's image. To a god-like Few, 360
 Heav'n gives at once the virtue, and the power ;
 Yet plants not Opulence for these a snare,

Line 362, 3. *Yet plants not Opulence, &c.*] Though it is to be hoped, that the example of this mentioned in the Allegory will seldom or never happen ; yet it is still certain that the prospect of possessing large acquisitions, may suggest to the needy, the voluptuous, the profuse, or the avaricious part of mankind, desires, which never enter into the thought of a person in low, or even in moderate circumstances ; and methods of accomplishing these which reason disapproves. The humorous Satyrists remark is considered by such men in a very serious light.

Εγω δ'ε υπηλαβον χρησιμους ειναι θεους
 Τ' αργυριον ημιν, κ' το χρυσιον μονον
 Ιδρυσαμεν & τους γαρ εις την οικειαν
 Ευξαι τι βουλει, παντα σοι γεννησεται, &c.

Frag. Menan.

Before therefore any individual presumes to blame Providence for not having placed him in such a situation as his ambition aspires to ; he ought to consider whether or not such an imaginary benefit (if it was conferred upon him) would not be productive of greater mischief to himself and to society, than the absence of it can possibly be of *positive evil* to either. But as it is scarce possible that such an enquiry can be conducted with *perfect impartiality*, he will probably find examples within the circle of his acquaintance sufficient to convince him, that Affluence cannot confer Felicity ; and that an unexpected flow of Prosperity in most instances, alters the whole character ; and substitutes Pride, Presumption, and Petulance, in the place of Humility, Modesty, and that amiable Diffidence, which is commonly characteristic of merit.

That

That Poverty escapes?---The wretch who dragg'd
His Sire relentless to the tomb ;---Say, rose
No boiling passion in his rankled heart ? 365
Felt not his tortured breast the venom'd sting
Of keen Impatience ? Flamed not to his eye
Gold, titles, honour ; all the tinsel-show,
That on the fullen front of Avarice wakes
A gloomy smile, and bids his little thought 370
Receive a gleam of joy.—From these secure,
Lives not untutor'd Indigence at ease ?
And steals unseen along the vale of Life,
Calm, peaceful, shelter'd from the stormy blast
That shakes Ambition's plume, that wrecks the hope, 375
The quiet of mankind?---What though to these
The means are scanty?---O'er the roughned cheek
Health sheds her bloom : their sinews knit by toil,
Robust and firm support th' allotted weight ;
And gradual loosed by long-revolving years, 380
Resign their charge, untainted by the seeds
Of lurking Death flow thro' the form diffused

From

From meals that Nature naufeates, from the cup
 Where the wine laughs, and on the mantling cheek
 Kindles a tranſient bluſh ; but works diſeaſe, 385
 And ſhades the temples with untimely ſnow.

LIVE theſe unknown within a narrower ſphere,
 Where plumed Ambition treads not ?---If their hopes,
 Leſs ardent, point not to ſome dazzling aim ;
 Their Fears are fewer : if their power to ſpread
 The ſtream of Happineſs o'er all around, 390
 Suits not, Benevolence, thy boundleſs will !
 Yet leſs, yet weaker are the tempting ſnares
 That lead to Vice. The man who eyes with pain

Line 383. *From meals, &c.*] The inſcription on Sardnapalus, the laſt Aſſyrian Monarch, is pregnant with inſtruction to this purpoſe.

Εὐ εἰδὼς οἷε θνητῷ ἐφύε, τὸν θυμὸν ἀεζέ
 Τερπομένοις μυθοῖσι. Φαγοῦσι σοὶ κῆρις ὀνησις.
 Καὶ ἔγω κακῷ εἰμι φαγὼν ὡς πλεῖστα καὶ νόθεις·
 Ταῦτ' ἐχὼ οὐδ' ἐμάθον, καὶ ἐφροῖμις, καὶ μετὰ τῶν
 Ἑσθλ' ἐπάσθον· τὰ δὲ λοιπὰ καὶ ἡδὲα πάντα ἀλελείπαι.

Chryſip. ap. Athæn. L. VIII.

Line 387.] Cur igitur Divitiæ deſiderentur ? aut ubi Paupertas beatos eſſe non finit ? Signis credo, tabulis, ludis. Si quis eſt qui his delectetur, nonne melius tenues homines fruuntur, quam illi qui his abundant ?—Quotidie nos ipſa Natura admonet quam *paucis*, quam *parvis* rebus egeat, quam *vilibus*. Num igitur ignobilitas, aut humilitas, aut etiam popularis offenſio ſapientem beatum eſſe prohibebit ?—Vide ne plus commendatio in vulgus, & hæc quæ expetitur gloria moleſtiæ habeat quam voluptatis. *Tuſcul. Quæſt. lib. v.*

Superior

Superior power, or inly-murmuring feels
Indignant passion, as he marks the mean, 395
The weak, the bad, on Fortune's giddy wheel
High-raised; who sees the Miser's hoarded chest
Lock'd fast, Suspicion scowling on the door;
Who marks the young Heir joyous from the tomb
That wraps his Father's bones, with eager gaze 400
Devour the shining mammon, and disperse
The dust long-heap'd to all the rushing winds:
Then mute and penfive plans ideal schemes
Of generous bounty, calls the flitting breath
From Famine's throbbing lip, or strips the raggs 405
From Poverty's shrunk back:—then secret blames
The depth of God's unfathom'd ways to man;
Knows not himself; knows not that like the ice
On Zembla's wintry rocks, the Passions froze
By the chill blast of Penury would thaw 410
Before the Sun's effulgence, streaming wide
With genial warmth, and from the loosened soil
Swelling the pois'nous weeds that lurk'd unseen.

“ A H

“ Ah yet, (the pensive deeply-musing mind
“ Thus told its weak plaint to the murmuring tongue.) 415
“ Ah yet, what numbers tread the cheerless haunt
“ Of pining Anguish ! whom the voice of Mirth
“ Soothes not in all the long-revolving hours
“ That roll in slow succession !---What a train
“ Of mourners, see their last weak twig of Hope 420
“ Broke short ; and wandering sigh without a Friend
“ To still the plaint of woe, to pour the balm
“ Of healing comfort on the rankling wound !
“ Avails it ought to these, that Virtue walks
“ Calm in the solitary cell ? avails
“ Her voice faint-whispering, when the infant looks 425
“ Pale to the Mother’s sorrow-streaming eyes
“ With eager expectation ? when the wail
“ Of helpless Innocence, weak, dying, wild,
“ Thrills to the heart’s crack’d strings ? What tho’ the thought
“ To noble sentiment expands ? The mind, 430
“ Tho’ train’d to virtue, every worthy deed
“ Exalts its kindling powers ; and all the man
“ Pants with desire to spread the mighty stream

" Of Happiness around him ? Say what boon,
 " What good rewards his virtue ? Are *the means* 435
 " Conferr'd, to reach his glorious end ? Is Power
 " Rent from Oppression's grasp, and to his hand
 " Consign'd ; that hence Society may bless
 " The generous Master ; that the piercing plaint
 " Of Woe may cease, and Indigence relieved, 440
 " Stand smiling at his threshold ? Is it thus
 " That Heav'n o'erlooks, and Wisdom rules the whole ?"

NOT always, (thus the Sire rejoin'd) reward
 Awaits a virtuous deed ; nor God bestows,
 Nor man deserves it :---Yet th' Eternal works 445
 To noble ends.---He spoke, and turn'd his eye
 Where Fancy stood. The Goddess to his look
 Obsequious waved her wand, and all the scene
 Was changed, and silent Wonder lock'd my tongue.

FOR lo ! responsive to her will ; the wood 450
 Before me opening wide, disclosed a bleak,
 And trackless desert ; where the birds of Night

Shrill-

Shrill-screaming pour'd the melancholy wail ;
Or dimly-hovering plied the boding wing.

Slow from the mount's high summit, whence the scene 455
Had glow'd around me ; the superior Power
Led to the solitary waste. Behind,
I pass'd dejected ; thro' my chilling veins
Dark Horror quivering shook the slackned knee.
Quick from the wild waste's gloomy face I turn'd 460
My eyes with joy to mark the balmy groves,
The wood's deep umbrage, and the glittering domes,
Where Nature shower'd luxuriance. But the scene
Was barr'd from human step. Where the green wood
But late had opened, and its utmost bound 465
Join'd to the desert : thro' the hollow'd ground,
Broad, deep, and billowy burst a turbid stream
With torrent-rore ; and on its rapid tide,
Light whirl'd the mountain's sturdy sons, the rock,
In broken fragments ; and the feeble mounds 470
Of Art's neglected labour.---Inly-pain'd,
I traced the Sire's slow foot-step ; and beheld

Far in the gloomy waste, one lonely cot,
Screen'd from the bustling din of busy man ;
Where Beauty smiled not, and the Blast's wild wing 475
Bore not the City's hum. The rough heath form'd
Its simple roof ; the dark-o'ershading pines
Behind, by Toil's assiduous hand arranged,
Mellow'd the chill East's nipping breath, and check'd
The Tempest's swelling voice that whistled thro'. 480
Before, a casement gave the trembling beam,
That dimly glimmer'd o'er the channel'd floor ;
But show'd a cultured field, by Industry
Manured, and waving to th' autumnal gale.

A GLEAM of joy o'erspread the placid mind ; 485
Pleased, as it mark'd rude Labour's finewy hand
Triumph o'er Nature's roughness, and diffuse
Thy smile, fair Plenty, o'er the pathless wild.

THUS foothed I eyed the field ; when to the plain
Walk'd out the Shepherd from his simple cheer ; 490
And call'd his flock, that bleating as they ranged,

Sought

Sought the warm shelter of a neighbouring fold,
To ease their weary limbs. In his mild eye
Beam'd heart-felt Innocence ; serene he raised
His look to Heav'n, unconscious of the crime, 495
That points Reflection's quiver'd shaft with stings
Severe, and aims them at the guilty heart.
Vigorous he trod, as in the prime of years,
When Life's gay spring resigns the sporting youth
To firmer manhood ; and the bloom of Health, 500
Fresh as the Morning's silver-sprinkled robe,
Swells on his mellow cheek. With easy step
He pass'd deep-musing, where the rustling boughs
Light-wavering, o'er the yellow-fringed green
Shook the loose radiance of the western ray. 505
A pipe, melodious as the melting note
Of warbling Philomel, press'd by his lips,
Then pour'd its sweet breath on the wings of Eve
Harmonious. From the many-colour'd Choir
Gay-glittering, stream'd the emulating lay, 510
Swell'd in a thousand quivering throats ; the strains
To heav'n ascending, as the general voice

OF

Of Nature, rising in the hymn of praise.

ROUZED by the song, around the smiling Swain
Were ranged an happy Family. His wife, 515
Fair as the rose, when first the blushing Spring
Sprinkles its balmy leaf with moist'ning dew ;
Sat near him, decent in the rural robe
Of native Elegance ; no floating lawn,
Refined by study, and the ceaseless care 520
Of Luxury high-pamper'd, o'er her form
Wanton'd in airy folds : her simple drefs,
By artless Modesty design'd, improved
The gifts of Nature. Careless on her knee
An infant play'd, and wondering eyed with smiles 525
The strangers warbling from th' aerial bough,
And eager join'd responsive. To her breast
She clasp'd the boy in extacy of thought,
And kiss'd his little cheek. The others danced
Elate and emulous around their Sire. 530

By these secure of happiness, no joy

Was

Was fought, that warms the beating heart, or wakes
The soul to transport.—In the lonely wild
Where musing Solitude resides ; her cell
Oft whispering, echoes to the gentle voice
Of Peace, and glitters to her silver ray.

535

His pipe untuned, the Sire with gladned heart
Arose to range the defart, and indulge
The calm of placid thought.---Not far he walk'd,
When feebly-founding thro' the whistling boughs
Was heard weak Sorrow's dying moan, that sunk
In hollow murmurs on the startled ear.
Abrupt, the Shepherd to the trembling note
Turn'd quick ; Compassion touch'd the feeling heart,
And gave her mild beam to the pitying eye.
At last arrived, his eager-searching view
Saw where dishonour'd on the fordid earth,
Pale, faint, and trembling in the grasp of death,
Was laid a helpless victim ! The rude hand
Of waisting Misery had shrunk his veins ;
And in the hollow of his livid cheek

540

545

550

Sat

Sat Famine pictured. Struggling as he heard
The tread of human feet ; his heavy eyes
Just heaved ; his voice low-muttering in a groan
Its purposed word ; furrounding darkness veil'd 555
His fight ; and shivering on the edge of Death,
He claim'd immediate aid. Soft from the ground,
(Each gentler feeling of the soul awaked)
The Shepherd raised him with parental care ;
And bore him tender, where the fresher gale 560
Recall'd the weakly-flitting pulse, and oped
To life the leaden eyelid.---At his call,
Dispatchful with assiduous care they brought
A cordial balm, that to his lips applied,
Quench'd o'er his form restored, the clammy dew 565
Of Death, and braced with strength the glowing limbs.

THE man rekindling, as from some wild dream
The soul starts sudden, and transported, sees
The headlong precipice dissolve : with joy
Beheld around the tribe of busy friends 570
Benevolent ; and call'd the Stranger's God
To

To blefs their labours ; on their little field
 To shower propitious plenty ; and command
 Sweet Peace to tend their cottage.---“ Not to me,
 “ (Replied the Sire fedate) thy fervent prayer 575
 “ Belongs ; for Virtue bids *th' exulting thought*
 “ *Reward a worthy deed.* Look to the Power,
 “ Who from his feraph-circled throne, beyond
 “ The ken of human glance ; with willing ear
 “ Stoops to the plaint of Anguish. Be thy vows 580
 “ By Him accepted ; be thy life reftored,
 “ To blefs thy friends, to heal with lenient balm
 “ The wounded heart ; to bid the needy rife ;
 “ And cloath in mantling fmiles the cheek of Woe.”

Line 576, 7. *Virtue bids th' exulting thought, &c.*] The boasted self-fufficiency of Virtue in the fenfe which is here affigned to it, may be confidered as confonant to the dictates of reafon. As it is the natural confequence of fome vices to entail difeafes on the body ; and of all, to give pain to the mind upon reflection ; fo a good action in fome meafure rewards itfelf, by the pleafure with which at every period of life it is contemplated by the mind. In fome fenfe indeed it may be faid that a benevolent deed excluding every confideration of a future ftate) is rewarded in the ampleft manner, even in this world ; as the man who performs it, enjoys for one fingle action of his life, *a perpetual fource of pleafure* as often as he reflects on it. Yet if we extend the idea of Felicity a little further, and include under it thofe other advantages which are commonly and juftly included in it in the general eftimation ; we fhall find that Virtue alone is far from being fubfervient to all the purpofes which it is fupposed to accomplifh ; and that a man may be *honest*, who is not *happy*.

He said : and inly-smiling, as the scene 585
Rose to delighted memory : humane,
Led to his cottage. As they walk'd, his guest
Now gay and happy, told that from his home
Wide-wandering, o'er the pathless waste he stray'd ;
Nor look'd for shelter, till his weary limbs 590
Claim'd the reposing pillow. All around,
Then roll'd his wishing eyes ; but nought was seen,
Save the grey cloud that touch'd the distant hills ;
And wilds of cheerless Solitude. Perplex'd,
With busy care his long-protracted search 595
Explored a path ; but all his search was vain.
Then desolate of heart, he stood alone,
All helpless. O'er his feeble frame distill'd
The reeking moisture ; and the tears of Woe
Stain'd his wan cheek. Afar the gleaming trees 600
Were seen. His weak limbs dragg'd their weight along
Tottering : and reach'd the distant haunt ; and sunk
Oppress'd : his voice short-panting, heaved a groan ;
Then faintly quiver'd.—“ 'Twas the hand of God
“ That led thee to the spot ; 'twas He who waked 605
“ The

“ The sigh of Pity in thy gentle heart ;
“ And sent thee angel-like to speak the Power
“ Who fills the desert as the haunt of man.”

THUS talking to the sylvan bower they came :
Then to his family the swain consign'd 610
His charge to taste of hospitable rites,
And share refreshing sleep. His evening walk
Resumed, he wander'd onward, where the trees
Disjoin'd the landscape from the barren wild.

As to some simple swain, whose happy days 615
Had stole serene in innocence ; by chance
Some treasure hoarded in the rock's cleft side
Just peeps ; the ragged stones withhold his hand
That grasps to reach it : his devouring gaze
Gleams on the pile ; his busy fancy forms 620
Gay dreams of Grandeur, happiness till now
Unknown, unfought ; his murmuring mind repines ;
He works impatient, and indignant spurns
His former state, poor, abject, mean, despised.

So fared the thought-wrapt swain. Awhile he mark'd 625
 The gay-robed villa floating to the breeze
 In loofen'd luxury ; the aery mount,
 The pile gay glimmering thro' the viftoed groves,
 Or downward glittering in the headlong stream.
 Then nearer to his fight the sporting train 630
 Appear'd ; sweet mufic rapt his wifhing foul ;
 His blood danced lightly, and his bufdling thoughts
 Swim'd on the maze of Harmony. Awhile
 He eyed the fcene perplex'd, and thus began.

“ AH ! what to gain bright Pleafure's genial fmile 635
 “ Avails the pride of Virtue ? Rough and hard,
 “ Amidft entangling thorns her rugged road
 “ Lies pathlefs. Labour is the envied meed
 “ Her hand confers ; and near her Poverty
 “ Sits fhivering. Dark are Heav'n's myfterious ways. 640
 “ ---Yet whence this pause ?---Yon cooling fhades invite
 “ My ftep ; to man's affiduous toil, the palm
 “ Of Happinefs is yielded. Indolence
 “ O'erlooks the mark ; and fleepy dreams of blifs,

When

“ When Reason calls to action. Lives not Peace, 645
“ Reigns not fair Virtue in these happy groves ?
“ She reigns ! ’tis bigot fear that from her train
“ Would chase the Pleasures. Should my search be crown’d
“ With conquest ; riches, honour, power conferr’d :
“ The Stranger’s lips shall bless me. Should I fall ; 650
“ *To dare* is noble.—Let me try.”---He spoke,
And plunged amid the stream, and stemm’d its tide
With nervous arm. Light o’er the swelling waves
Awhile he sails triumphant. On his view,
Each moment widening breaks the beauteous scene 655
With heightned pomp ; and now its spicy bank
Perfumes the whispering gale. The people pour
Thro’ the dark wood ; and to his ardent gaze
Young Pleasure radiant as the star of Eve
Extends a golden circlet. But the tide 660
Breaks o’er him ; and the rough stones ragged sides
Roll’d down the current, tear his shatter’d limbs,
Or check his meditated course, or turn
His aim abrupt : and now his dizzy brain
Wheels, thro’ his nostrils darts the flashing stream : 665
He

He pants by fits, and starting gasps for air !
Then whirls, and sinks precipitate. The waves
Close round him. Snatch'd at once from life, from joy ;
From sweet domestic quiet ; from his home,
Where the weak infant round a widow's neck 670
Clasp'd its young arms : afar the Father lay
In Death's cold grasp. The throbbing heart that thrill'd
Humane, to Misery's desponding wail ;
Forgot each gentler feeling ; and his eyes
Wrapt in dark shade, were clos'd to wake no more. 675

ARE these, Benevolence, the great rewards
Of noble deeds ? thus gains th' expanded heart
That pants for others good, the generous aim,
By god-like Piety inspired ; nor dash'd
By Reason's cool research that weighs the means ? 680
Stands Death's grim front full in the rugged porch
Where Virtue leads her sons, in act to pierce
The breast that melts to sympathetic woe :
While Vice stalks flow, and with contemptuous leer
At ease beholds them ?---From the thought of man 685
How

How deeply screen'd are Heav'n's unfathom'd ways!

THUS wildly-wavering, roll'd the dubious mind
From thought to thought, uncertain where its search
Should end. Yet from my lips, no whisper'd plaint
Told its weak muttering. But Attention rapt
The listening ear, when thus the Sage resumed.

690

SAY weeps not pity o'er yon mournful scene
In softned anguish? Let the copious stream
Burst from thy feeling heart. The manly tear
Belongs to virtue. Be the wretch accursed,
Whose bosom melts not to another's woe.

695

YET know, what man's false guess mistakes for ill,
In God's unbounded plan, promotes the good
Of All; and as of All, the separate bliss
Of Individuals. As the man whose thought
Explores with deep design the secret springs
That work the heart; can coolly trace the Cause,
While Folly wonders on th' Effect; and light,

700

Skims

Skims the smooth face of Life's deceitful stream :

So God, whose instant glance surveys a *Whole*, 705

Where Human Wisdom to *one link* confined,

Glimmers ; with *boundless reach* adjusts the means

To *boundless knowledge*. Hence the wildering maze

Where Reason gropes in darkness. Hence the tear

On Pity's kindling cheek, that speaks the man, 710

Tho' weak, yet virtuous ; noble in the deed

That marks his imperfection. As a *man*,

He

Line 707, 8. *With boundless reach, &c.*] Thus Aristotle says of the Divine Mind, Ἀλλὰ τὸ οὐκ ἔχον το δεῖσθαι τὸ μέγα βεβαιότητος, καὶ ἀπλῆς κινήσεως παντοδατὰς ἀποδείξεις ἰδεῖν, ὥσπερ ἀμελεῖ δρῶσιν οἱ Μεγαλοψυχοὶ διὰ μίας ὁργάνου χάσθηρις, πολλὰς καὶ ποικίλας ἐνεργείας ἀποδείκνυτες, *De Mun.* This description of the Deity is conformable to what is said of Him in the sacred writings. Cicero appears to have had it in his eye, when he says, Nec vero Deus ipse qui intelligitur a nobis ; alio modo intelligi potest ; nisi Mens soluta quædam, & libera ; segregata ab omne concretionem mortali ; omnia sentiens, & movens, &c. *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. i. It is proper to observe here, that the author ought not to be mistaken, as if in this, and in some other parts of the work, he intended to depreciate human reason below its proper value ; and to represent it as inadequate to purposes which it is able to effectuate. The preceding, and some other quotations from the Ancients, are inserted principally to show, that Philosophers who were led by the light of Nature, conceived just ideas of the Supreme Being, both as to his natural and moral attributes. We mean therefore only to say, that this faculty like a fine telescope, shows the compleat proportions of every object which is placed within its sphere : but when it is employed to survey such as are too complicated of texture, or too distant in their position ; it represents these obscurely, and gives the eye no just idea of their nature or dimensions.

Line 711, 12. *Though weak yet virtuous.*] Weak in this instance, because perhaps he is lamenting as an Evil, what ought really to be considered as an advantage : and virtuous at the same time, because this amiable feeling is in Him commendable. There is indeed sometimes an high degree of Virtue discovered in the suppression of pity. Thus Virgil, as an instance of the fortitude and

He feels, he weeps, where the Superior Power
 Would triumph : Should he smile, his smile were more,
 Or less than human. Yet be Reason cool, 715
 While Passion melts. Thou saw'st a joyous tribe,
 Gay Pleasure's aery sons, amid the grove
 Loose-wandering : Nature shower'd her richest spoils
 To bless with new delight each circling hour.
 Thou saw'st a wretch yet reeking with the blood 720
 Of Age ; a Father's blood : thou saw'st him left
 Careless, to riot in his wealth ; the crime
 By heav'n unpunish'd ; save where Conscience stings
 The guilty heart, or what the fiery breath
 Of burning Fever kindles in the veins. 725

IN Poverty's low cell thou saw'st a Sire,

and resolution of Æneas, says that when this hero was implored in the most passionate manner to continue with Dido,

Mens immota manet ; lacrymæ volvuntur inanes. *Æneid.* IV.

Line 713, 14. *He weeps, where the superior Power, &c.*] From the frailty of human nature which is unable to trace remote consequences ; he is deeply affected with incidents which to a Superior Being who was capable to see further into futurity, would afford reason for exultation and triumph.

Line 723, 24. *Save where Conscience stings, &c.*] These were formerly mentioned as the natural consequences of Vice, supposing a state of future rewards and punishment to be out of question. See p. 132. l. 330, &c.

Train'd to rough work, to labour, to the toil
 Of hardy Virtue ; yet his feeling soul
 Thrill'd to the plaint of helpless woe : the tear
 Of Anguish ceased before him. Age was rais'd, 730
 Respected, favour'd, and its prayer preferr'd,
 In vain !—Yon stream has overwhelm'd him, and his eyes
 Are clos'd for ever.—Art thou pierced ?—Attend.

IN man's short reach of mind, the Power that scans
 External forms, that marks the living bloom 735
 Of Nature ; whose quick glance can see the bounds
 Of moral good and ill, as these assume
 Their spheres in social intercourse, and join
 To colour Life ; yet while it strays abroad,
 And gleans a scanty harvest from the field 740

Line 734, &c. *In man's short reach of mind, &c.*] In the series of philosophical observations which follow from this verse till near the end of the book, the two preceding allegories are explained in such a manner, as to throw some light on the conduct of Providence with regard to Human Life. At least the author attempted to do this.—In illustrating a subject which opens so wide a field of Conjecture, he has endeavoured to keep *Probability* in his eye as closely as possible ; and to assign some causes (not incongruous to reason) for which Virtue is expos'd to sufferings, and Vice is permitted to riot in temporary pleasure. This is attempted in answer to the second part of the Complaint in the beginning of this book, relating to the apparently unequal distribution of Reward and Punishment, which takes place in this life. Whether these remarks are as satisfactory, as they are new (at least in their present connection) to the author ; the judicious reader must be left to determine.

Of

Of others, knows not what is felt at home.

Thus calm Experience in *the past* beholds

The Future : thus from Life's perplexing scenes

She culls the noblest precepts, to direct

The step of youth ; while yet th' important part,

745

The Mind, remains unknown. Th' internal eye,

Though quick to point each folly-featured form

That strikes its gaze, yet marks not, as they rise,

The passions height'ning into flame, nor sees

What sparks lye latent in th' unfeeling mind,

750

That want their fuel ; nor th' extent of those

Half-raised, and kindling to a rapid blaze.

HENCE

Line 748, 9. *Marks not as they rise, The passions, &c.*] This is universally the case, when the progress of the passions is not accurately marked ; or when opportunities of calling these into action do not occur in early life. A man who has acquired no knowledge of this nature from experience, or who has not marked the progressive steps, by which any passion acquires a mastery over his mind, will be utterly incapable to judge of the *latent principles* which would influence his conduct, if by the circumstances of life they were brought into exercise ; and of the manner in which his conduct would be directed in a new situation, by the passions which most forcibly influence his actions in common occurrences. It is however absolutely necessary that he should be fully acquainted with both these (as we shall show afterwards) before he can be qualified in any measure to challenge the dispensations of Providence.

Line 751, &c. *Hence oft in Life's still scenes, &c.*] This observation, however paradoxical it may appear at first view, will upon closer enquiry be found conformable to truth. It is commonly thought that a man's *ruling Passion* is discovered in his actions, as soon as he is capable of forming any consistent process of reasoning, and to distinguish objects in the matters of ordinary life. This may be true of such men as are born with remarkable genius, or of those to whom affluence early supplies the means of gratifying desire : But in lower

HENCE oft in Life's still scenes th' untutor'd mind
 Mistakes its ruling principle. The man
 Who wastes his calm hours in the vale of ease, 755
 Nor dreams of higher bliss, not therefore wants
 Ambitious aim; but distant from his view,
 Its object strikes not his averted sight,
 Nor breaks the calm within. Is he then good,
 Just, pious, happy, innocent, humane? 760
 Fired by no hope, by no temptation sway'd,
 Of power to shake firm Virtue's steady base,
 His course by thought improved, confirm'd by time,
 Becomes habitual; if he swerves, yet Fear
 Recalls the erring wanderer to his home: 765
 As some lone traveller perplex'd, and wild,

life, that Passion will be considered as predominant whose demands are answered with the *greatest facility*; while others, which might perhaps be equally or even more forcible, are permitted to remain inactive, because they are not stimulated by proper objects. Thus let us suppose a man placed in mean circumstances, who has in his mind the seeds both of Ambition and Avarice. It is obvious, that as his pittance of wealth, however scanty, will afford some exercise to the latter, while the former is totally neglected from the despair of gratifying its desires; he will naturally consider that passion as principal, which a constant habit of indulgence has called into perpetual action. Should this man at any future period of life find himself raised to opulence; he may discover that he had mistaken the bias of his mind, and that the desire of acquisition, which he supposed principally to characterise it, hath been employed as a tool to effectuate the purposes of that *latent Ambition* which will then be predominant.

Beholds

Beholds with joy his former path, and springs
Elate to reach it. But when higher scenes
Rush on the wondering mind, and wake the sparks
Of some young Passion, smother'd, not denied; 770
Who then from past experience stands secure,
As he who eyed yon smiling scene, and plunged
Rash in the billowy stream, elate of heart;
Who sees his will still opening, as his power
To spread extends in Fancy's ardent gaze; 775
Still wants to know himself. What tho' the mind
Tried, yet victorious, from th' insidious snare
Escapes?—The strength that laid Patroclus low,
Match'd not Achilles. Has the man subdued
Inferior passions?—Give Temptation power: 780
Lay the bright Phantom in the lap of Ease
All-languishing; and bid the smiles of Love
Dimple the florid cheek. Let Pleasure stand
Close by her side, and bid the circling wreath
Of Honour grace her forehead: let the veil 785
Drop off; expose the beauteous form, illumed
By joy, and balmy as the citron grove

That

That breathes delicious fragrance. Would he then
Still firm retain his fortitude ? still shun
Her lips, nor feel the stimulating power
Of Nature stir within him ? Ah what tears
Were thine, fair Virtue, for thy sliding son !

790

IF such is Reason's calm impartial voice ;
Then blames it Wisdom's just decree, that wills
The good to suffer ; thus rash-judging man
Miscalles their happiness) far from the snare,
The tempting snare of Vice to live at ease,
Serene, tho' humble in Life's lowly scenes ?
Or when by wholesome discipline recall'd
From Error's devious maze back to the path
Of Truth ;---then deems it that the stream of Woe
Bathes but the cheek of Virtue ? that the doom
Of Heav'n, unequal, to the just assigns
Affliction ; on the bad profusely showers
Wealth, honour, happiness. If Reason speaks
The man, whose days like some smooth-gliding stream
Had past unruffled by the rough'ning gale,

795

800

805

Unfit

Unfit to bear affliction ; to repel
 The Fiend, when sailing in the loosen'd robe
 Of Pleasure, all th' inviting scene awaked 810
 Desires unknown before :---then when the Power
 Who form'd him, marks declining Virtue loose
 On Folly's verge; and tottering to a fall ;
 Should He then snatch him from th' impending ill,
 Shall man impeach his justice ? shall the mind 815
 Now see the Foe, and shuddering as it eyes,
 Recoil with horror ; yet when higher Power
 Descends to save him from th' insidious snare,
 Or tear him from its grasp, repining breathe
 Its impious plaint, and deem the strength it fear'd 820

Line 819, 20. *Repining, breathe its impious plaint, &c.*] Upon the principles established in this series of observation, complaints of the distributions of Providence must appear in almost every case to be highly unreasonable. A man who is unacquainted with the powers of his own mind, can have no reason to conclude from his having obtained a victory over some temptations, which were not perhaps calculated to inflame the passions in any high degree, that he will overcome such as are less easy to be subdued; and his confidence of being able to stand a trial of this nature, founded upon his past experience, is the dictate of *that Pride which usually cometh before a Fall*. When therefore the Supreme Being, instead of complying with the demand of Presumption, sees it expedient to tutor such a man by the scourge of Adversity, or removes from him a temptation by which he might have been seduced into the paths of error; Reason will certainly lead him rather to *distrust himself* than to *repine at Providence*. It will suggest to him examples in the case of others, in which the gratification of Desire hath produced the most pernicious effects; and from proper ideas of the Justice and Wisdom of the Deity, it will inspire him with sentiments of resignation and gratitude.

But

But late, unequal ; when th' Eternal Sire
Consents, confirms its dictate ; to the work
Alone sufficient ; and the great decree
Of Wisdom partial or unjust ? Thus man,
Still weak, still wavering, from th' uncertain poize 825
Of powers opposed, as now slow Reason moves,
Or Passion sinks the scale ; approves, or blames ;
The sport of varying Faculties !---He weeps,
Repines, and reasons ; censures and adores :
(Like Childhood foothed, and smiling thro' its tears)
But errs in all. Heaven with determined aim 830
Proceeds, regardless of his frowns or praise,
His pain, or pleasure ; as th' impartial will
Of Wisdom dictates, and maintains the whole.

YET why, thy thought demands, when Virtue feels
Thy yoke, severe Adversity ! why reigns 835
Triumphant Vice, nor dreads th' avenging doom
Of Heav'n ; but wanton in the spoils of power,
Sports in gay frolic down the tide of Time,
Nor dreams of future woe ?---Is he then blest

Alone,

Alone, who riots in the feast; who fails 840

Loose in the robe of Luxury, and bears

His front to Heav'n, as if his mind defied

Its frown?---Ah blind to reason! whose weak thought

Sees not, the just severity that saves

The Good, reclaims not Error. To persist 845

Firm in the path of right, when all within

Is calm; or wandering from its side; to start,

Alarm'd in time by some awakening voice;

To turn is easy.---But the man whose step

Far thro' the devious waste has wander'd wild, 850

Regains not, seeks not to regain the path

Long lost; his course by Perseverance form'd,

His doubts by habit reconciled. What once

He *wish'd*, now self-deceived, his willing mind

Receives as substance; and the Phantom mocks 855

Line 844, 5. *The just severity that saves the good, &c.*] Having attempted in the preceding reflections to assign some reasons for which Virtue is permitted to suffer, we proceed to enquire why Vice is in many cases apparently rewarded with Prosperity. The answer to this question is, that as a bad man cannot be reclaimed from his errors by the same adversity which saves a good man from being misled by them, and as immediate perdition must be the consequence of supposing him cut off in the career of Vice; no argument can therefore lye against the Wisdom or Justice of God, because in the former case he exhibits a proof of parental affection, and in the latter is not actuated by caprice or resentment.

With empty smiles his void embrace no more.

REPINES then muttering thy presumptuous tongue,
That Heav'n's suspended wrath allows the wretch
An hour to triumph? that the God who counts
His number'd years a moment, at thy call 860
Points not his thunder to the guilty head;
Nor bids his lightnings flash? Know, if the Good
Thro' life should suffer; in that scanty span
Are all his woes comprised:—If Vice exults,
That span contains its happiness. Should He, 865
Who pitying snatches from Temptation's snare
The Just, as him whom yon devouring wave
Has mantled: should his justice thus have claim'd
The wretch yet reeking from his Father's blood,
An instant victim: As the one enjoys 870
The prize of Virtue, and no deepening stain
Sullied his life; the other in the gulph
Of black perdition must have waked; no time
For mercy left; for penitence, for pray'r,
For pardon none; his crimes yet unatoned 875

From

From heav'n demanding vengeance. But the hand
 Of Goodness spares him, that repentant tears
 May ease the feeling heart; and Justice drop
 Her claim; or still relentless, that the stroke
 May fall, when his full cup o'erflows with ill.

880

SAY, dreams thy soul that God's eternal plan
 By man's frail life is bounded?---When the wing
 Of some bold eagle, wheeling on the wind,
 Triumphant bears him from the straining eye;
 Deem'st thou the bird is lost? or that his flight
 Just stops, when Heav'n's transparent azure veils

885

Line 881. *Say, dreams thy soul, &c.*] As the reward of Virtue in a future state will amply compensate for the afflictions comparatively insignificant, to which it is subjected in the present; the Poem ends with a vindication of Providence, supposed to come from those who are placed in a state of immutable felicity. To believe that these happy spirits will be employed in this manner, is surely no unreasonable suggestion. Why should we think that the soul escaped from its prison, and impartially examining the conduct of Providence in its former state of existence, will not find subjects of praise and adoration, arising from the review of those incidents which were once considered as real evils? This is only contemplating the Supreme Mind, as

From seeming evil still educing good;
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. *Thomson.*

and is in reality only carrying the matter a little further than we do in the affairs of common life, when one man who is cool and deliberate can foresee a benefit arising to his neighbour, from an event, which the other in the tumult of thought considers as an affliction from which no benefit can result.

The last dim speck ? Yet when its prison bars
 Are loosed, and the free'd soul all radiant springs
 Exulting o'er this rolling orb ; its flight
 Unseen ; its path to thy contracted gaze 890
 Loft in the viewless æther : think'ft thou then
 Its powers dissolved, because the death-set eye
 Points not th' enlivening beam ?---No---let the mind
 Extend its view :---Lo from thy sight once more
 I purge the mortal film ! Behold the climes 895
 Where Virtue fears no chilling blast ; but reigns
 Sublime, and radiant in eternal day !

He spoke ; and to th' aerial region raised
 His hand. My eye pursued it, and illumed
 By heav'nly light, beheld stupendous scenes 900
 Ineffable ! the City of the King
 Eternal ! whose high towers wide-dazzling flamed
 From God's divine effulgence ! To the stream
 Of rushing light, the Sun's broad orb would seem
 A winking taper !---O'er the domes sublime 905
 Sat young Felicity, veil'd by a stream
 Of

Of mantling radiance ; and an orient crown
Star-spangled, heightning as it graced her form,
Circled her beamy front.---The floor emboss'd
With gold and diamond, ecchoed to the tread
Of Seraphim, celestial shapes ! their robes
Divinely wrought, and tintured with the dyes
Of heav'n ; their plumage glittering like the bow
That gilds the blue horizon, when the sun
Showers on the trembling arch his purple ray.

910

915

ABOVE, innumerable wings display'd
Resplendent, fann'd the undulating air ;
And bore cherubic forms. Some to the stars
(Beneath that sparkled like a twinkling flame)
Shot down, and gradual roll'd their orbs around
Some central sun ; or plunging in his mass
Of light, concocted and dispersed the beams
Along the azure void.---Some hovering near
What seem'd a river, on th' aerial wave
Slow sail'd ; their emerald pinnions in the flood
Now lost, now towering in the midway air.

920

925

NOT

Not long my wondering fight had scann'd the scene
All-glorious ; when a great majestic trian
In full procession to *th' Eternal's throne*
Moved slow and solemn. Nearer as they came, 930
Of those they seem'd from Life's tumultuous wave
Escaped, and landed on that blissful shore
Where tempests never blow. Each by his side
An harp sustain'd ; and o'er the form divine
A robe of spotless white descending, flow'd 935
Redundant : on each head a golden crown
Flamed like the morning star. The branching palm
(Such palm as heav'n's celestial clime can yeild)
High-raised and waving, graced their happy hands ;
Emblem of Peace and Victory ! With these, 940
I saw in triumph moving, Him whom late
The wave had whelm'd ; blest, that its swelling tide
Had check'd his purpose. Joy ineffable
Illumed his eyes. Amid th' adoring tribe
He pass'd exulting thro' the gate that led 945
Full to the throne of G O D. Their gradual course
Th' Archangel led, by circling Seraphim

Inclosed.

Inclosed : Heav'n's dazzling standard in the air
Blazed wide before him, and his voice proclaim'd
Hosanna to the Highest ! Peace on earth !

950

To man Benevolence and Love !---Before
The Throne (where Darknefs wrapt her cloudy veil
O'er the full noon of uncreated day)

They bow'd in low prostration ; and began
Their song of triumph. Thus the melting strain
Was heard, while all around the boundless skies
Responsive ecchoed to the voice of praise.

955

“ To thy great Name, Eternal GOD ! To Thee
“ Be endless Honour ! Just are *ALL* thy ways
“ To mortal man ; tho' fathomless and dark
“ To finite reason, e'er th' unprison'd mind
“ Hath shot the gulph of Death ! O let thy sons,
“ Once suffering, now triumphant, bless the hand,
“ Though deem'd severe, that led them thro' the maze,
“ The thorny maze of Life ! that oft denied
“ *Apparent good*, to lead them to the fount
“ Of all created Beauty ! that decreed

960

965

“ What

“ What Folly deem’d its *punishment* ; when vain,
“ Self-flattering Virtue hoped *reward* : to check
“ Presumption ! that from seeming Evil, wrought 970
“ Full joy, unbounded as thy Presence ! High !
“ Ineffable ! immortal ! ” --- As they spoke ;
Th’ angelic throng, innumerable as the stars
Of night ; all kindling, with melodious voice
Sung to their lutes the airs of heav’n. The strains 975
(Sweeter than music to the languid ear
Of wakeful Melancholy, as it drinks
Th’ intoxicating stream) o’erpower’d at once
My feeble organs. Sudden transport seized
My throbbing heart. I wish’d a Cherub’s wings, 980
Afar to waft me to those happy shores,
Where no vicissitude of night and day,
No changing seasons, nor the baleful breath
Of Sickness taints the balmy clime ; but Hope
Dies in Fruition, and Faith’s *distant ken* 985
Dissolves in Vision’s full transported gaze.

Lo !

Lo! now the ways of heav'n's Eternal King
To man are open! (thus the Sire resumed.)

Review

Line 987, &c. *Lo! now the ways, &c.*] Having now endeavoured to point out the most conspicuous marks of Design, which appear in the structure and government of the world; we shall sum up the whole with some proofs from the writings of the most eminent Ancients, which will serve to corroborate the preceding arguments; and to show, that the belief of a *Providence* hath characterised every age of the world, and every society of men.—In the noblest of human productions, the

Διὸς δ' ἐλεεινὸ βούλην,

or “the will of the Deity accomplished;” is the master key which turns the whole work, and by which every part of it is directed. As every reader may consult Mr. Pope’s admirable translation for instances of this kind, we forbear to extend this note with quotations from the original. We have already adduced the testimony of Aristotle to the same purpose. Plato in innumerable instances expresseth his belief of a Providence. Thus he tells us, that the only Cause of life to man and to all other creatures is Ὁ Ἀρχὸς καὶ βασιλεὺς τῶν πάντων, the Governor and Ruler of all things, *Plat. in Cratyl.* In his discourses on Laws, he labours this point with much assiduity. He represents the Deity as pervading universal nature, and animating the earth, the sea, the sun, &c. He considers his government of the world as extending to the minutest parts of it, and compares Him to a Physician, who explores the latent source of a distemper, in order thoroughly to eradicate it; and to Governors of Kingdoms who inspect the smallest transactions, that by these they may regulate matters of higher importance, *Leg. 10. passim.* Ælian and Xenophon pathetically complain that tenets, with regard to Providence, which never took place among barbarous nations, were embraced among a people more civilised, and from whose superior advantages, better effects might have been expected to follow, *Æl. lib. ii. Xenoph. Symp.* The Roman Orator and Philosopher is sufficiently explicit in giving his sentiments on this subject. Reprimam jam (says he speaking of the punishment of bad actions) & non insequar longius; eoque minus quod plus pœnarum habeo quam petivi. Tantum ponam, duplicem pœnam esse divinam, quod constaret & ex vexandis vivorum animis, et ea fama mortuorum, ut eorum exitium & judicio vivorum & gaudio comprobetur, *Cic. de Leg. lib. ii.* How glowing and animated is the following passage!—Idemque cum cœlum, terras, maria, rerumque omnium naturam perspexerit; eaque unde generata, quo recurrant, quando, quo modo obitura, quid in iis mortale & caducum, quid divinum æternumque sit viderit; *Ipsūque ea moderantem & regentem* pæne prehenderit, seseque non unis circumdatum mœnibus, popularem alicujus definiti loci, sed civem totius mundi quasi unius urbis agnoverit: in hac magnificentia rerum atque in hoc conspectu & cognitione naturæ, Dii immortales!

Review them and adore! Hear the loud voice
 Of Wisdom sounding in her works!---“Attend, 990
 “Ye sons of men! ye children of the dust,
 “Be wise! Lo! I was present, when the Sire
 “Of heav’n pronounced His *Fiat*; when His eye
 “Glanced thro’ the gulph of Darkness, and His hand
 “Fashion’d the rising universe:—I saw, 995
 “O’er the fair lawns, the heaving mountains raise
 “Their pine-clad spires; and down the shaggy cliff
 “I gave the rill to murmur. The rough mounds
 “That bound the maddening deep; the storm that roars 1000
 “Along the desert; the Volcano fraught
 “With burning brimstone;---*I prescribe their ends.*

quam ipse se noscet? *De Leg.* lib. i. To these we may add the testimony of Porphyry, who tells us that the Supreme Mind goes under the name of *Zeus*, or *Jupiter*, because He pervades and animates every part of His works. He is likewise called (says this Author) the universal Governor, and the Soul of the World; epithets which are expressive of His Providence, and of His Immen-
sity, De Nat. Deor. ab init. We might mention many other examples of the same kind from the writings of the Ancients: But those which have been already adduced will be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person of their belief in this matter; and that most of them would have said with an Author, who was not too credulous,

— — — Deus ille fuit — — —

Qui Princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
 Nunc appellatur Sapientia; quique per artem
 Fluctibus e tantis *vitam*, tantisque tenebris,
 In tam tranquillo, & tam clara luce locavit.

Lucret. Lib. v. 8.

“ I

" I rule the rushing winds, and on their wings
" Triumphant walk the tempest.---To my call
" Obsequious bellows the red bolt, that tears 1005
" The cloud's thin mantle, when the gushing shower
" Descending copious bids the desert bloom.

" I gave to man's dark search *superior light* ;
" And clear'd dim Reason's misty view, to mark
" His powers, as thro' *revolving ages* tried, 1010
" They rose not to his Maker : thus prepared
" To know how distant from his narrow ken
" The truths by heav'n reveal'd ; My hand display'd
" The plan fair-opening, where each nobler view,
" That swells th' expanding heart ; each glorious hope, 1015
" That points Ambition to its goal ; each aim,
" That stirs, exalts, and animates Desire ;
" Pour on the mind's rapt fight a noon-tide ray.

" Nor less in life employ'd, 'tis mine to raise
" The desolate of heart ; to bend the brow 1020

“ Of stubborn Pride, to bid reluctant ire
“ Subside; to tame rude Nature to the rein
“ Of Virtue. What though screen'd from mortal view,
“ I walk the deepening gloom? What tho' *my ways*,
“ Remote from Thought's bewilder'd search, are wrapt 1025
“ In triple darkness?---Yet *I work the springs*
“ Of Life, and to the general Good direct
“ Th' obsequious means to move.---O ye, who toss'd
“ On Life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore,
“ Yet far removed; and with the happy hour, 1030
“ When Slumber on her downy couch shall lull
“ Your cares to sweet repose: Yet bear awhile,
“ And I will guide you to the balmy climes
“ Of rest; will lay you by the silver stream
“ Crown'd with Elysian bowers, where Peace extends 1035
“ Her blooming olive, and the Tempest pours
“ Its killing blast no more.”---Thus *Wisdom* speaks
To Man; thus calls him thro' *th' external form*
Of *Nature*, thro' *Religion's fuller noon*,
Thro' *Life's bewildering mazes*; to observe 1040

A PROVIDENCE IN ALL.---Now each surmise
Reprefs'd, I read conviction in thine eye ;
Live then resign'd, that when the solemn knell
Of Death shall call thee to the tomb ; the mind,
In thought rejoicing, as it marks the past,
May eye the Future with exulting Hope.

1045

PASS a few circling years, and Life's short tale
Is winded. Weeping lasts a night, but Joy
Crowns the fair morning.---As he spoke, his shape
Was changed ; his cheek with youth's vermilion bloom
Glow'd heav'nly bright ; and o'er his vesture flow'd
In graceful curls, the long-descending hair
Loose on the gale of Evening. In his eyes
Moisten'd with living dew, thy genial ray,
Aurora, sparkled ; and the little Loves
Play'd on his ruby lips. A robe of light
Mantled his limbs, and four resplendent wings
Whose plumage glow'd with purple, green, and gold,
Flamed all-refulgent as He moved. A while

1050

1055

He

He eyed me rapt ;---then spread his glittering plumes, 1060
And soar'd a Seraph to the skies. The eye
Of Fancy kindled, as she mark'd him high
In air. She look'd, and starting from the ground,
On rapid wings impetuous burst away.

T H E E N D.

